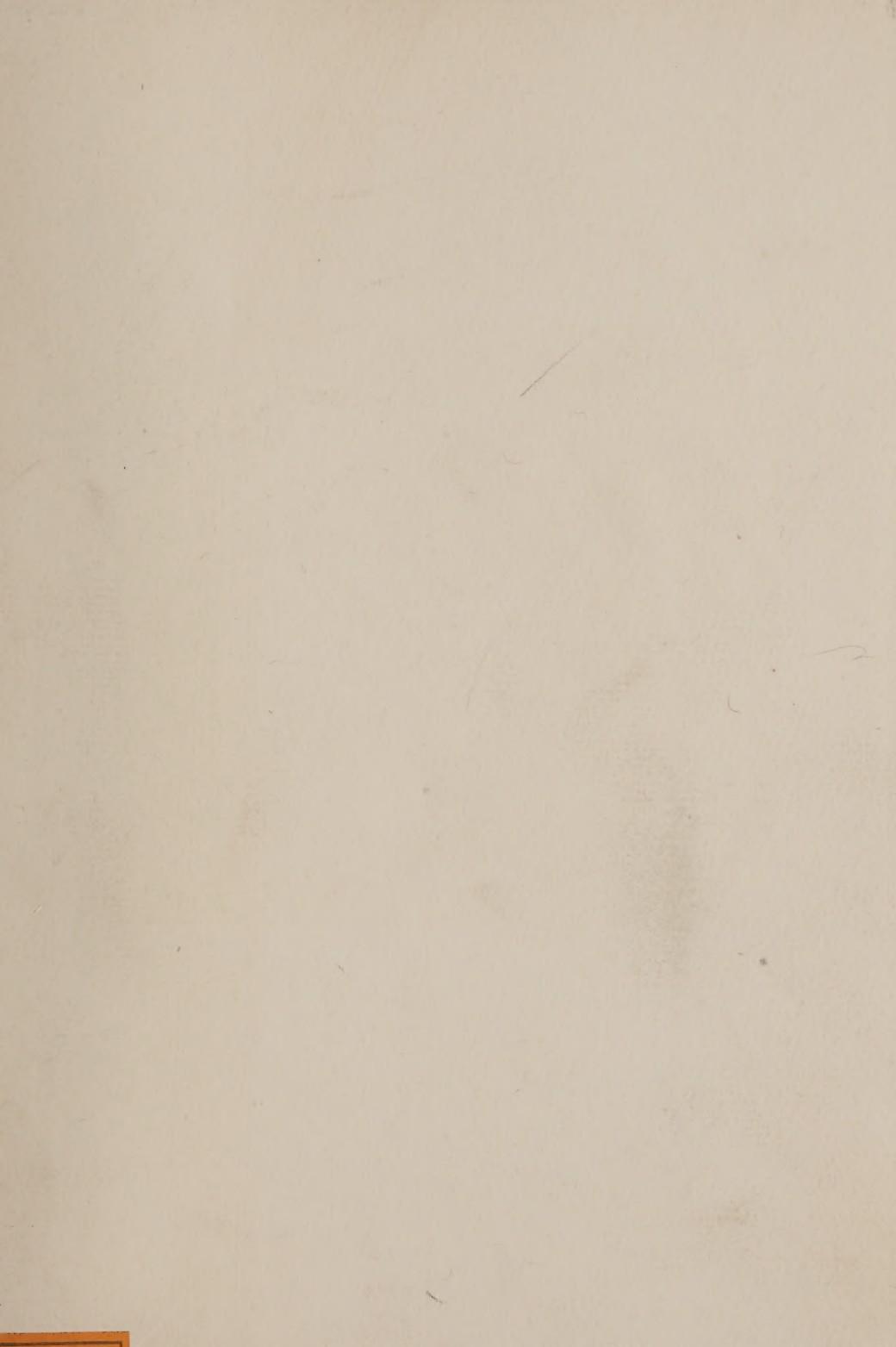


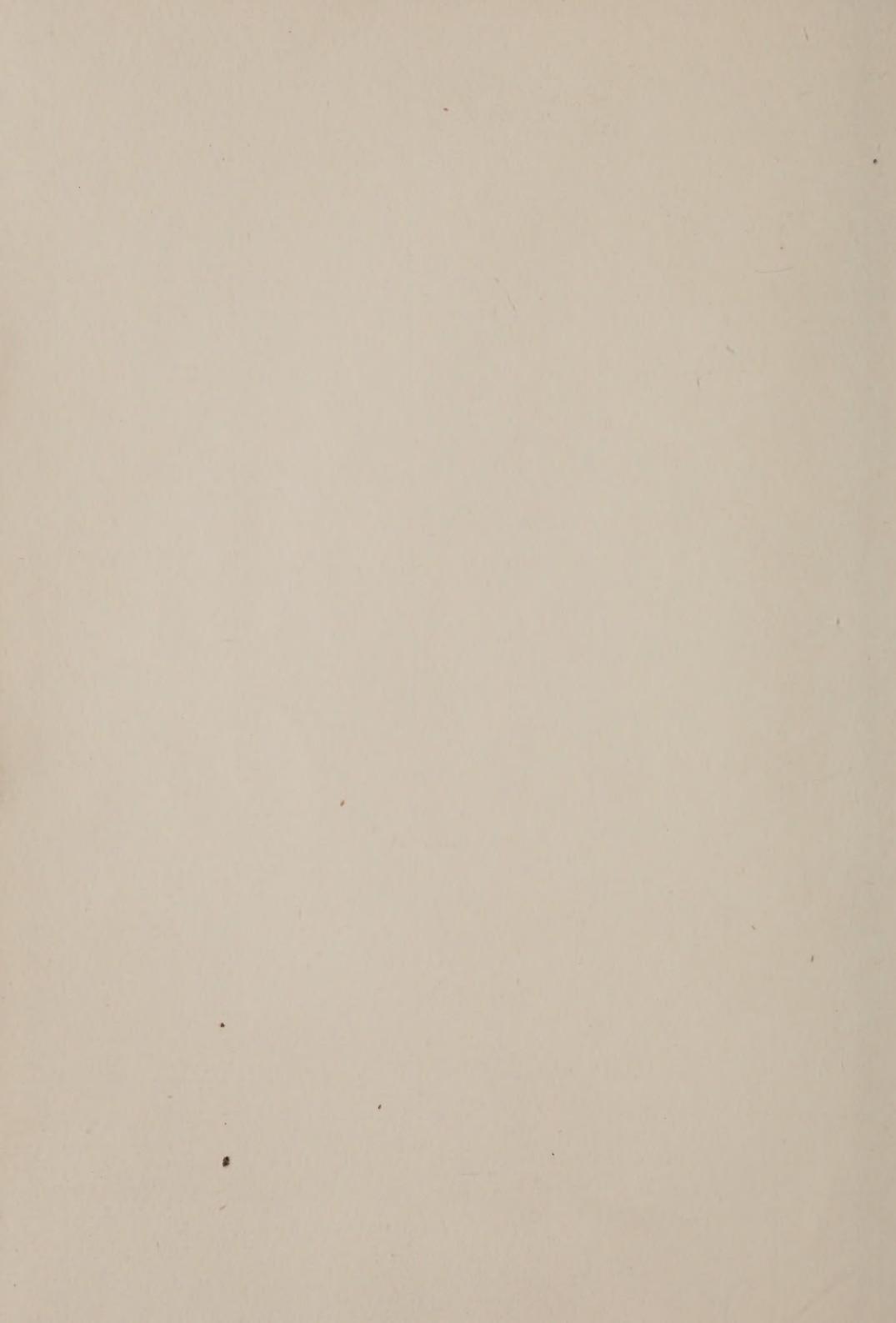
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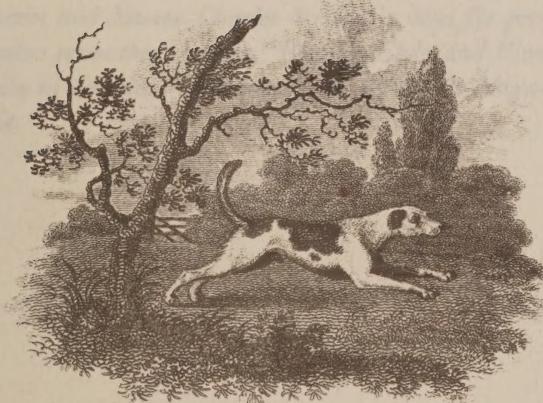
*HUNT CLUBS & COUNTRY CLUBS
IN AMERICA*

BOSTON

CHARLES WHITING

1859

HUNT CLUBS
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IN AMERICA



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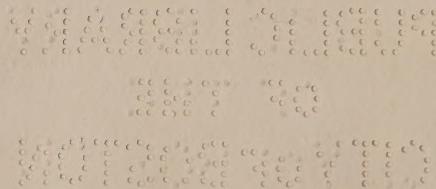
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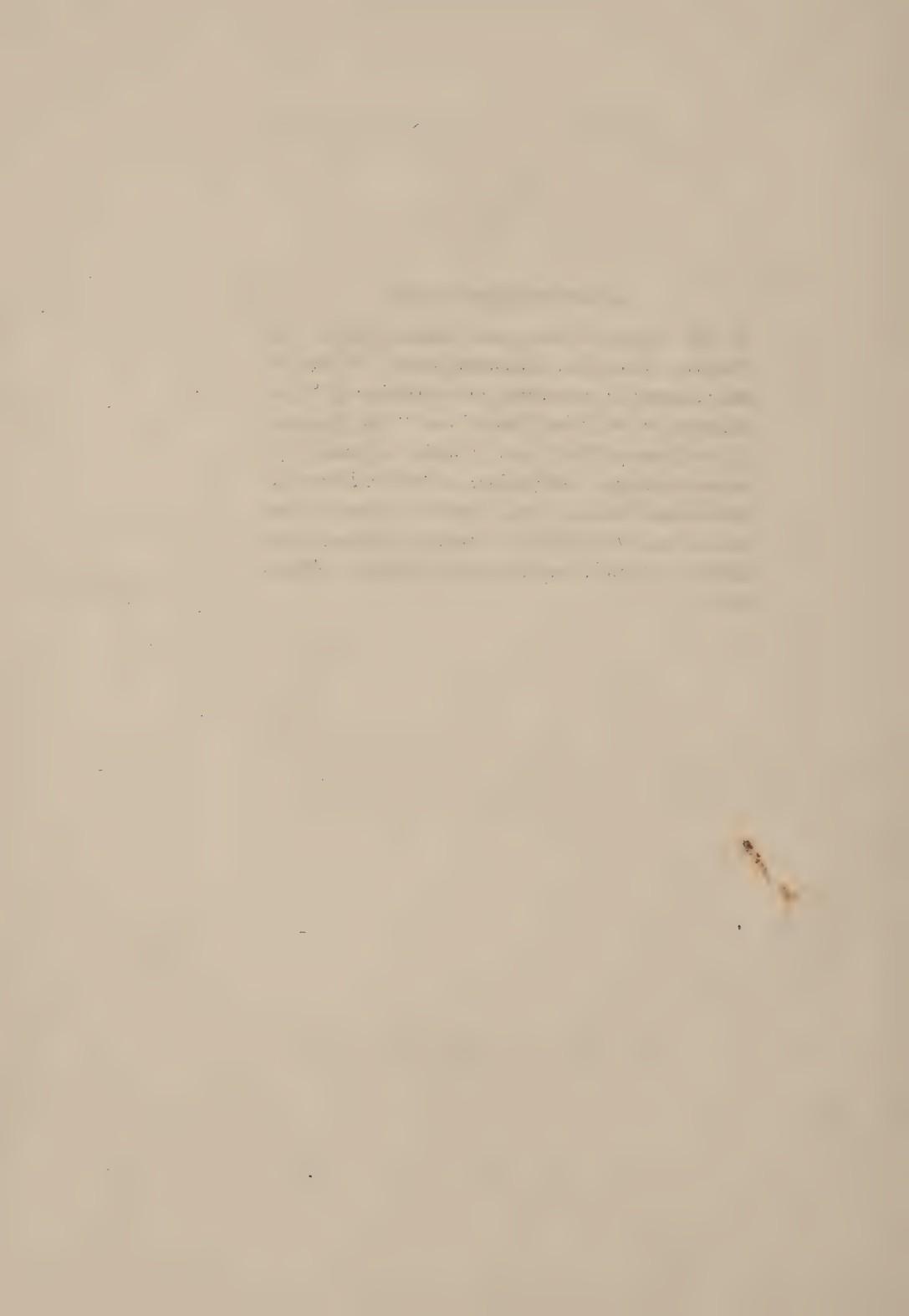
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MEADOW BROOK HUNT MEET AT THE OLD WOODBURY POND, 1884

MR. AUGUST BELMONT, JR., ACTING MASTER, MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, MR. T. HITCHCOCK, JR.,
AND J. F. D. LANIER IN THE FIELD

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INTRODUCTION



THE three articles in this book on organized hunts and country clubs of America were published in certain well-known magazines in the 90's and have never been republished in permanent form. Written as they were only a decade or so after various sports began to be taken up or older forms of sport again recognized, they give an interesting picture of that day. As there never has been a time before in the United States when such interest has been shown in outdoor sports as at the present, it would seem to be opportune to have them reprinted, especially so as there are still living a number of persons who were instrumental and active in the organization of many of the clubs to which reference is made.

While almost every locality has its own or neighboring golf club or country club where other activities are carried on throughout the year, hunt clubs, polo clubs, and amateur race meets have been increasing in popularity, and despite the automobile, the horse has apparently held his own in the field of athletic diversions. While hunting and racing have been more or less popular since the early settlement of the country, especially in the South, polo is a comparatively recent importation from England, having been introduced in New York in the fall of 1876 by James Gordon Bennett, and golf from Scotland at Yonkers, New York, in the year 1879 by John Reed. There is a tradition that golf was played in the neigh-

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borhood of Albany, New York, some time prior to the Revolution, but there is apparently no satisfactory evidence to substantiate this.

That the country club is peculiarly an American institution there is little doubt. The Country Club of Brookline, Mass., organized in September, 1882, was not only the first club of its kind organized in the United States but probably in the world. The idea of such a club is to bring together at some large country estate a group of people of congenial tastes, principally those interested in sport, who will share jointly in the cost and maintenance of such an estate, something akin to what existed before the Civil War on the large landed estates in the South and which has existed for so many years in the Manor houses of Great Britain. It is interesting to note that since the great war there is evidence of these great estates in England being kept intact to some extent through their conversion into similar country clubs.

The first settlers in America, being largely of English descent, naturally brought with them many of the tastes and customs of the mother country, and cross-country riding to hounds was taken up soon after the country had been developed to a state that would allow such sport to be carried on. The large cultivated areas and climatic conditions, as well as the somewhat feudal state brought about through negro slavery, had much to do with the development of hunting to hounds as a favorite pastime at an early date in the colonies of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, and to some extent in the

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region surrounding the neighborhood of New York. Deer and fox were both hunted with hounds in Virginia and Maryland,—the deer around tidewater and the fox inland. The first fox hunt in America, of which any record has come down, took place in Queen Anne's County, Maryland, about 1650, which is the same period during which the fox came to be recognized as a beast of chase in England. The hounds used were all from privately-owned packs, and Stark, in his *History of Maryland*, refers to them as "English fox hounds that were later crossed with Irish stag hounds, to develop hounds for toughness and endurance, to meet the natural conditions of the section." The grey fox which was native to the country was the only species hunted in those days and was very different from his red brother in England. "About 1730," says Stark, "the red fox was imported and liberated along the eastern shore of the Chesapeake, and these crossed and multiplied very fast with the grey fox. Not until the hard winters of 1779 and 1780, when all the waters of the State were a sheet of ice, did they migrate to Virginia."

While there was a Brooklyn Hunt Club on Long Island that seems to have been in existence in 1781 and the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club near Philadelphia, which dated from 1768, with the exception of these and the Montreal Hunt of Canada, which was founded in 1826, hunting was done with privately-owned packs and for the most part in the South until the early 70's. Although undoubtedly there was some hunting to hounds

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done by English officers in the North during the Revolution, there are apparently no records indicating that this sport of cross-country riding was carried on in New England until after the Civil War. Although, no doubt, the character of the economic development of that section of the country, which was largely industrial rather than agricultural, together with climatic conditions, may have had some influence against this sport being taken up at an earlier date, it seems not improbable that the Puritanical prejudice against sport of any kind was a more important factor. There also has been a somewhat popular opinion that fox-hunting savored too much of a British sport and that those participating in it were aping the English. The facts, however, fail to substantiate this feeling, for fox-hunting in the South was quite common during the period from the Revolution and the Civil War, and we find such well-known men as George Washington and Alexander Hamilton not only riding to hounds, but in the case of Washington, keeping hounds, and Lafayette, after he returned to France, is said to have sent a splendid pack of French fox hounds to the Father of his Country. Fox-hunting around Washington, D. C., was popular in the period immediately after the War of 1812. Members of Congress and Government officials, as well as Attachés of Foreign Legations, enjoyed the sport either with local, privately-owned packs of hounds or by going over into Virginia or more frequently into Maryland for a run behind the hounds, where, as early as 1818, a club known as the Baltimore Hounds flourished. It cannot be

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said that these men hunted or rode cross-country because it was an English fashion but rather because it was a manly, invigorating and noble sport, requiring skill, courage, good horse flesh and good hounds.

It was several years after the Civil War before fox-hunting again became a popular sport. In 1873 the Rose Tree Hunt of Baltimore was organized and probably may be considered as the oldest hunt club in existence in the United States, still maintaining hounds; it may rightly be regarded as the direct descendant of the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club, although this might be said of all the hunts around Philadelphia. On the other hand, the Elkridge Hunt Club of Baltimore, Maryland, incorporated in 1878, was the first regularly incorporated hunt in the country. The first record of fox-hunting to hounds in New England appears in 1866, when Mr. E. F. Bowditch settled in Framingham, Mass., and maintained a small private pack which was kennelled at Millwood, "being simply an incident in the busy life of a gentleman of means who lived all the year round on his own estate." The country around Framingham has been hunted fairly regularly from that date down to 1922, when there was organized the regular hunt under the name of the Millwood Hunt Club, with Mr. John T. Bowditch, grandson of Mr. E. F. Bowditch, as master.

The Radnor Hunt of Philadelphia, the Genesee Valley Hunt of New York, the Essex County Hunt of Montclair, N. J., and the Meadow Brook Hunt Club (the latter the successor of the Queens County Hounds and claim-

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ing traditions from the Brooklyn Hunt of 1781) were all organized in the period of the 70's and early 80's. F. Gray Griswold, M. F. H. of the Queens County Hounds, writes as follows:

"The Queens County was the first regularly organized pink-coated hunt in the United States. It was started in 1877 by Robert Center, F. Gray Griswold, A. Belmont Purdy, and William E. Peet and established first at Meadow Brook. The hunt went to Westchester County for two years—1880–1881, and Meadow Brook was founded in 1881. In 1882 the Q. C. H. and M. B. H. divided Queens County, L. I. I was master and hunted the Q. C. H. from 1877–93 when I took Mastership of Meadow Brook and joined the two counties." "The Q. C. H. hunted in Newport in 1880–85 and again in 1888. Several men from Boston hunted with us there. I only remember Jim Parker and Freddie Prince but there were others." These runs of the Queens County Hunt at Newport, R. I., were probably the first by any organized hunt in New England.

In 1879 there was organized and incorporated in Winchester, Mass., the Myopia Club. "A club house was built and grounds laid out in a moderate way. There was a plank lawn tennis court which was one of the pioneer courts in the country. The nucleus of the club sport was the great National game, baseball." "Eye-glasses were a badge of distinction amounting to a declaration. Many Myopes wore them on the ball field. The sport of hunting was suggested at Winchester by Mr.

INTRODUCTION

F. H. Prince, who had followed the hounds at Newport." In 1881 a draft of hounds was brought from Montreal and hunted by Mr. Hugh A. Allen, the first master.*

The Country Club at Brookline, Mass., was incorporated on November 7, 1882, and the club purchased the Francis E. Bacon Estate known as Clyde Park. This club absorbed the Myopia Club which was dissolved in 1883. In the spring of 1882 the Myopia Club held a race meet at Beacon Park, Brighton, which drew an attendance of about 800 people, and which was probably the first amateur steeple-chase in New England, being considered at the time somewhat of a "defiance to the Boston Puritanical prejudice against racing." The original Myopia Club, therefore, should be credited with having introduced and secured amateur steeple-chasing as well as cross-country riding to New England. On the formation of the Country Club, the pack which saved the organization from losing its identity continued at Brookline under the Mastership of Mr. Frank Seabury as the Myopia Fox Hounds. The hounds were hunted at Brookline and from the Gidney Farm in Hamilton and hunted the wild fox in both places. Paper-chases were also run from the Country Club, Brookline. In 1891 the Gidney Farm, of some one hundred or more acres, was purchased and the Myopia Hunt Club was organized and finally incorporated on January 5, 1892. In 1885 ten couple of beagles arrived from England, the gift of

*Myopia. A. H. Abbott, 1897.

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Mr. G. H. Warren and "drags" were run from the Country Club from the middle of October until heavy frosts set in, being hunted by Mr. Warren, who represented the Master at Brookline. Both packs were kept until 1888 when drags were given up in Brookline. In 1889 fox-hunting was practically abandoned in Hamilton, the beagles were disposed of and the hounds then used for running "drags." Within recent years fox-hunting has again received much attention at Myopia although the drag hunt would appear to dominate.

There has recently come to light an old document evidencing that as far back as 1860 a group of prominent Boston men had started to form a country club within easy driving distance of Boston. The undertaking, however, was checked by the impending Civil War. This document reads as follows:

The undersigned propose to establish a Club to be called [*name to be decided*]. The objects of the Club being as follows:

To establish a Park or Drive in some agreeable and pleasant locality near the city of Boston and within easy driving distance of their homes and where they may be free from the annoyance of Horse Railroads, where members may meet for pleasure driving and riding.

To establish a Club House at which members with the Ladies of their families may meet.

To establish a course under the direct control and supervision of Gentlemen where encouragement can be given to the training and exhibition of Running Horses and where races may be run freed from the presence or control of those persons who have made

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this sport objectionable to Gentlemen, such clubs as we propose have accomplished this end in our Southern Cities and we believe the same can be done in New England.

We are encouraged in this belief by the success which attended the exertions of certain Gentlemen lately in making a race, at which Ladies and Gentlemen did meet and where there was nothing that could offend the taste of the most fastidious.

One hundred acres or more of land suitable for such purposes and within a very short distance of Boston can be obtained at a low rent and on a long lease.

We therefore feel confident our object can be obtained at a moderate cost.

When a sufficient sum shall be subscribed to warrant the undertaking we propose to call a meeting of subscribers to organize a club adopting such rules as the experience of others and the inclinations of the members may seem best.

Boston, May 28, 1860.

We, the subscribers, agree to become members of said club and pay an Entrance fee of One hundred Dollars with the understanding that the yearly assessment shall not exceed Fifty Dollars.

Although this project may have foreshadowed the organization of the Country Club of Brookline, it cannot be said to have directly led to the formation of that club, for The Country Club was not organized until 1882. It is interesting to note, however, among the names of the one hundred and seventeen men who signed this document those of several men or the fathers or relatives of those who originally formed the Country Club. Mr. Francis E. Bacon, from whom Clyde Park was bought, signed this

INTRODUCTION

document and was also one of the original incorporators of the Country Club. His widow, just before her death, in 1927, wrote out the following account:

"The Country Club when I first heard of it, belonged to an Association of gentlemen who called it the 'Stock Farm,'—one of the members being Capt. Daniel C. Bacon. When this association proved to be unsuccessful, it was given up, and Capt. Bacon bought the place. It was let to various people, among whom were the N. I. Bowditch family who passed one or more summers there. At one time it was a milk farm, and after Capt. Bacon's death, it became the property of his four sons. William Bacon planned a racing track called Clyde Park which was made about 1869, but was not very successful, and about that time Francis E. Bacon came there to live. The house was repaired and we lived there several years, celebrating our tin wedding in 1870, when among our guests was Mr. Theodore Lyman who brought with him Gen. Meade. Part of the land was sold to Mr. Sebastian Schlesinger, who found defects in the title which had been pronounced correct by an expert. It was discovered that the Farm had once belonged to Daniel Webster and that his wife had not signed the necessary deed when it was sold long ago."

The horse was an important feature in sport until the early nineties. At the Country Club in Brookline, hunting, polo and racing were popular until golf and suburban developments drove them out. Hunting was the first to go followed by polo about 1890, polo enthusiasts going

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to Dedham where the Dedham Polo Club had been formed in 1887 and where it is stated the first club polo game in the vicinity of Boston was played in 1887. Racing was a feature at Brookline until 1916, when the entrance of the United States into the World War in the spring of 1917 put a stop to that sport for a decade. In December, 1925, the Eastern Horse Club was incorporated, to a large extent inspired by John R. Macomber, Augustus F. Goodwin and Bayard Tuckerman, Jr. The aims of the Club are to encourage and direct local amateur racing and to co-operate with other clubs and associations for the purpose of elevating and popularizing steeple-chase and race riding by amateurs.

This Club although recently organized already has about 400 members and has been a potent influence in encouraging horse racing. After a lapse of ten years the Club revived most successfully racing at the Country Club in Brookline in the spring of 1926. This was followed by races at Raceland, the exceptionally well-equipped racing establishment of Mr. Macomber at Framingham, and races have been held in the fall under the auspices of the Eastern Horse Club by the Norfolk Hunt Club at Medfield and the Myopia Hunt Club at Hamilton. Members of the Club have raced their own horses not only at these local clubs but have had entries on several race tracks elsewhere in the East. It is not an exaggeration to state that no influence has been more important in the development of amateur racing and riding in the East than the Eastern Horse Club.

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The Masters of Fox Hound Association on the other hand has been of the greatest influence in the development of hunting in the country. On the evening of the 14th of February, 1907, a group of men met at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York City, at the invitation of Harry Worcester Smith, the eminent and well-known sportsman of Grafton, Mass., and founded the Masters of Fox Hound Association. These men were Louis Batjer, Westmoreland Davis, R. Penn Smith, Harry W. Smith, Henry G. Vaughan and W. Austin Wadsworth. A constitution and by-laws were adopted following generally those of the English Masters of Fox Hound Associations. Mr. Wadsworth was chosen President and Mr. Vaughan, Secretary. The purposes of the Association were among others to improve fox hounds and to encourage fox-hunting. Some 40-50 hunt clubs are represented to-day in this Association. Largely due to its efficient Secretary, Mr. Vaughan, who has been the much-beloved Master of Fox Hounds of the Norfolk Hunt Club since 1902 and Secretary of the Association since its incorporation,—the Association has been the dominant factor in the increasing popularity of the sport of riding to hounds.

That this account of the development of field sports in the United States is inadequate no one can appreciate more than the writer. It has been difficult to find accurate data and doubtless some of the dates given, and statements made will be subject to dispute. The tradition of Clubs should be preserved for future generations and as there are many persons still alive who helped make those

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traditions, it is hoped that these articles may arouse sufficient interest so that the annals of the older clubs will be preserved and written up. There is some evidence at times that the chivalry and etiquette of sport is being overlooked in the rush of to-day and sport cannot afford to lose those vital elements.

*“Not the laurel, but the race
Not the quarry, but the chase
Not the hazard, but the play
Make us, Lord, enjoy alway.”*

FREDERIC H. CURTISS

I

FOX-HUNTING IN THE UNITED STATES

FOX-HUNTING

IN THE UNITED STATES

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY



HERE is no fallacy accepted so generally or with such credulity as that hunting the fox is, in America, an exotic of comparatively recent importation. Rather might it be called indigenous. So far back as we can obtain any authentic record, the sporting spirit of our forefathers inclined to hunting, and the red fox, the speediest little beggar of the Reynard family, was abroad in the land before Plymouth Rock served as a stepping-stone from the Old to the New World. The original habitat of the red fox is, by-the-way, a question which has caused much discussion. Some claim it to have been brought over from England, while others, and among them Englishmen, characterize our species, both red and gray, as genuinely American. Be that as it may, the fact remains that the Pilgrims and the fox were contemporaries.

True it is that the very first settlers were hunters by necessity rather than choice; that the Indian's warwhoop and not the huntsman's horn sounded the chase, for which the trophy promised to be a human scalp instead of Reynard's brush. A generation or two were needed for the domestication of the newly adopted home, but when the

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FOX-HUNTING

thoughts of these hardy pioneers, who had faced death to live in faith and worship with liberty, turned finally to play, the sports of their native land lived again. Horse, hound, and horn became the sporting emblems of succeeding generations, just as they had been those of England's gentry since sporting history began.

As a desultory sport pursued by individuals without co-operation, fox-hunting in England naturally takes precedence over the United States by reason of greater age, but in its organized form the disparity in years is not so much in favor of the mother-country. English fox-hunting is spoken of first in the fourteenth century as a recreation of the country folk, but there is no authentic record of hounds entered to fox until between 1730 and 1750, the exact date being uncertain.

Through the Schuylkill Fishing Company, "of the State in Schuylkill," founded in 1732 and still existing, with its original membership limit of twenty-five filled, the United States bears the honor of having the oldest sporting club in the world. From these ancient disciples of Izak Walton sprung the Gloucester Fox-hunting Club, founded in 1766, and the first of its kind in America, so far as any record shows a specific date. It is to be sincerely regretted by American sportsmen that an entire history of this club, with all the picturesquely reminiscent details with which its fifty-two years of hunting must have abounded, was never written. All we are now able to gather must be through the medium of tradition preserved from generation to generation by the descend-



W. S. V. 2/16/m.
November 24

"IN FULL CRY"



IN THE UNITED STATES

ants of its members, and from some pleasantly written though incomplete memoirs. It is a notable and regrettable fact that the early hunting days of both England and America had no sympathetic interpreter. Early sporting literature, indeed, is distinctly devoid of romantic narrative. There could have been no Whyte Melville nor Frank Forrester in those days—unfortunately enough.

The Gloucester Club was organized by gentlemen living in Philadelphia and in Gloucester County, New Jersey, which is directly opposite the city, and had its origin in the exchange of social amenities between the urban and suburban residents. Gentlemen of comparative leisure and culture were, in those early days of the nation's making, somewhat scarce, which gave, like as not, a greater zest to the relaxation of congenial spirits once met. Those that lived within the then rising city of Penn feasted their rural guests to the full extent of their chefs' cunning and the wine-cellar—neither of which was inconsiderable; the country gentleman, returning the hospitality, furnished his city friends with a bounteous if less dainty board, and an appetite previously whetted to do it full justice by a fox hunt on his own domains or those of sporting neighbors. These occasional and irregular hunts naturally, in a country well stocked with game, led to the desire for association, and materialized one night in 1766 in a meeting at the Philadelphia Coffee-house, at which the following subscribed themselves as members of the new club :

“Benjamin Chew, pr. order, John Dickinson, Thomas

FOX-HUNTING

Lawrence, Moor Furman, Enoch Story, Charles Willing, Thomas Willing, pr. order, Levi Hollingsworth, James Wharton, Thomas Mifflin, William Parr, Israel Morris, Jun., Tench Francis, David Rhea, Robert Morris, John White, John Cadwallader, Samuel Morris, Jun., Anthony Morris, Jun., Turbot Francis, pr. order, Zebulon Rudolph, Richard Bache, Isaac Wikoff, Joseph Wood, David Potts, Samuel Nicholas, Andrew Hamilton."

At a subsequent meeting regulations were agreed upon from which I make some excerpts:

... "And it is agreed that there shall be two hunting days in each week, which shall be on Thursdays and Fridays. A majority of the managers shall appoint (if they think necessary) any intermediate days for hunting in the week, and give the Company notice.

"The managers shall be enabled to pay James Massey, our present huntsman, any sum they may think necessary for keeping the dogs, and attending the Company as huntsman, and if there should not from the present sum raised be sufficient to pay the demands on the Company, they do each agree to pay all just demands, by a proportionate subscription, part and share alike.

"It is agreed that at the death of every Fox one of the Company shall carry about a Cap to collect what the Company may please to give the huntsman.

"The Company agree to make good all damages that may be done from hunting, and it is recommended by the Company to meet at the kennell the morning intended to hunt, and at all other times that may be suitable."

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Thus established, the club hunted the Jersey and Pennsylvania counties nearest Philadelphia with unremitting regularity and much sport. It was early morning hunting invariably, and their hounds must have been faster than those of today, for an old letter says the sportmen "rarely sat down to the hunting dinner without the display of a *Brush*, frequently *two* or *three* were the trophies of the morning chase." How our deeds become magnified through the vista of time! Maybe the Masters of the Radnor and the Genesee hunts, Messrs. Mather and Wadsworth, who consider six brushes in a season a record not to be despised, will, when Father Time has forbidden them the saddle (may it be many years hence!) and mellowed the memory of Mastership worries, with their blank days and obstreperous fields—maybe they too will forget the unfulfilled hopes, and recall only the rewards of glorious runs.

Does time really, I wonder, soften our disappointments, and attune the memory to the recital only of its joys? Wherefore the dread of old age, if this be so?

The heyday of the Gloucester Club's prosperity came during 1775, when sixteen couple of choice fleet hounds gave the best of sport, and an established hunting uniform—"dark brown cloth coatee, with lappelled dragoon pockets, white buttons and frock sleeves, buff waistcoat and breeches, and a black velvet cap"—satisfied the craving for form. The war of the Revolution dispersed most of the members of the club to the more serious work of hunting the British soldiery—a task they set about with

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equal determination. Out of this sporting organization no less than twenty-two associated and formed the famous "First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry," nearly all of whom faithfully served in the memorable campaigns of '76 and '77. Thus it appears indisputably that the First City Troop, now in service in Philadelphia, originated in and was chiefly composed of and officered by the fox-hunting sportsmen of the Gloucester Club, and by the members of the Schuylkill Fishing Company.

After the war the Gloucester Club was revived with the zest born of success in the fight for Independence. Samuel Morris, Jun., who had commanded the Troop from its organization to its honorable discharge, and was, moreover, Governor of the Schuylkill Fishing Company, was chosen first President of the club, and annually re-elected thereafter to the year of his death, 1812. Though the sport furnished continued to be excellent, it does not seem to have been of the fast and furious nature that obtained before the turning of the century. The old members had outlived the recklessness that belongs to vigorous manhood, and delighted more to live over sporting memories comfortably seated around the board of the common "meeting" room, sipping "governor" (a favored beverage of those days, made of Jamaica rum and brandy), than add to their stock in trade by further experience in the field. The growing generation was confronted by the more important business of building up a nation suddenly become independent, and had little time or thought for hunting. Meanwhile, however, there was considerable

IN THE UNITED STATES

sport, and some of the runs left on record were nothing short of remarkable, one fox in 1798 carrying the pack in full cry forty miles to a kill. Reynard at that time had grown such a pest in the land that the stock-suffering farmer hailed the hounds and the huntsmen as friends, "free to enter his enclosures and traverse his fields and his woods, unmolested and unrestrained, from the tenth of October until the tenth of April, at which period the fences were repaired and the ground tilled." Happy hunting-days indeed were those!

Quite the most remarkable person which this period of the Gloucester Club has given us was "old Jonas" Cattell, who for more than twenty years figured as its "guide and master whipper-in." No matter how circuitous or how distant the chase, Jonas, always afoot, was on hand at every emergency before one-half the riders made their appearance. He was past master in the art of hunting the fox, and read the country as an open book, but apart from that knowledge, which, of course, aided him in following, the pace he maintained and the endurance he showed were astonishing. The club members believed him equal to any test, and evidently with much reason. On one occasion a wager was made that Jonas would deliver a letter to a town eighty miles distant in one day, and return the next with an answer. Which he did, despite heavy roads.

He was a terror to the "babbler," but had abundant kindness and encouragement for the sagacious and industrious worker; he used his authority with exceeding

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discrimination, and in consequence had a pack the fame of whose working qualities remained a by-word long after the club had dissolved, and "old Jonas" himself been gathered to his forefathers. Once he was induced to follow the chase mounted, but finished the run afoot, and could never afterwards be coaxed into repeating the experiment.

In 1800 the Gloucester Club had forty members, and still maintained a high quality of sport, notwithstanding more than half that number failed to turn out at the meets. For about ten years longer a brave showing in the hunting-field continued to be made, but deaths and the uncompromising stringency which embarrassed trade at that period pressed sorely on the spirit of the fox-hunting set, and thinned the membership beyond repair. The life of the club in these its declining years had been Captain Charles Ross, and when that sportsman died, in 1818, it lost the soul of its frail existence, and the famous old club and its last Master passed out of existence simultaneously.

It is deplorable the members had not a keener appreciation of the club's relation to American sporting history; it is to be deeply regretted none of them had the sportsmanship to perpetuate the first fox-hunting club of this country. But the mercantile depression ruled, and the club died after giving half a century of sport to the men who helped raise the stars and stripes over a new nation.

But the sporting spirit it had nurtured lived on and found cherishment among the farmers in the near-by Pennsylvania counties. From the day the hardy pioneers first laid aside their work for a few hours of relaxation

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there has always been fox-hunting around Philadelphia.

In fact, there is no section of the United States, outside the Southern States, that presents a fox-hunting record comparable to it. Several generations of Pennsylvanians had followed the hounds before even the significance of the sport was grasped by subsequent imitators. To tell of the many different packs that have been maintained around Philadelphia all these years would be to exhaust the space at my disposal here. Farmers had always kept hounds, which they enjoyed severally or joined in one common pack for a day's sport, even before and during the days of the Gloucester Club, and on its dissolution provincial hunting, if I may so call it, increased in popularity. Whereas before their fields had been somewhat drawn upon by the more fashionable hunt of the metropolis, now they were enlarged by the men whose love of the sport sent them to the outlying districts. Thus for many years hunting grew apace, unostentatiously but surely. The hounds—partly American and partly English—that had been distributed by the Gloucester Club raised the standard of some packs and created a rivalry among all, which resulted in the general betterment of the fox-hound and an improvement in the sport.

Some of the farmers took especial pride in their packs, weeding them out with great care, and establishing breeds which have been perpetuated to the present day.

Within a fifteen-mile radius of the Radnor Hunt, which is about twelve miles from Philadelphia, there are no less than twelve packs of hounds, and of them all the

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Radnor and the Rosetree are the only ones not entirely supported by farmers. These farmer packs will average from eight to ten couple of American hounds, and are entirely trencher-fed. During the summer, as a rule, they lead the lives of ordinary dogs, and in the hunting season are got together in a rude makeshift of a kennel, more for the purpose of having them conveniently at hand than for any particular care to be bestowed. No one remembers when a pack of hounds was not kept in Delaware, Chester, and Montgomery counties, and the memory of some of those now living in this district goes rather far back. George W. Hill, the venerable Master of the Rosetree Club, has been fox-hunting for sixty-two years, and there are three other members of the same club, aged respectively 70, 74, and 79 years, who with Mr. Hill have been members of the club twenty-one years, and followed hounds since boyhood.

With these farmer-hunters such a modern innovation as the drag has never been suggested, much less instituted. They hunt for the sport of it pure and simple, as a rule on an excellent type of home-bred horseflesh, and their hounds, despite the little care given them, show good speed and stamina, and, of course, the keen nose that is characteristic of the American. Generally speaking, these packs are hunted separately with a local following, but on occasion, probably some holiday, two or more are joined, and the meet, at a central rendezvous, brings out the gala fields of farmer fox-hunting.

Even in sport, history repeats itself. As the sporadic



RADNOR HUNT CLUB

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and crude attempts at hunting had served to stimulate rather than appease the sporting spirit of those that afterwards joined in making the Gloucester Club a reality, so now, one hundred years later, the inconstant sport of the farmer packs gave rise to a desire for something more stable. And thus, and largely, too, through the efforts of Messrs. J. Howard Lewis and George W. Hill, came about the organization, in 1859, of the Rose-tree Fox-hunting Club, which continues to the present writing in flourishing condition, the oldest of its kind in the United States. The Rose-tree became at once the sporting centre of eastern Pennsylvania. Like its ancient predecessor, the Gloucester, it formed a nucleus around which gathered the most enthusiastic sportsmen of that period. It waxed exceedingly popular, for not only did it assure regular hunting three times a week, but its hounds received more care than those of the surrounding packs, being kennelled and properly fed, and naturally, therefore, showing better sport. The club has never had, nor wished to have, any excuse for existence other than that of hunting the wild fox. It has invariably refused to participate in running drags of any description, and always used American hounds.

As it grew in numbers so the sport increased in quality, until both had reached their zenith under the Mastership of Dr. Rush S. Huidekoper, something like a dozen years ago. What with the hunting by day and the flow of soul by night in the old Quaker Inn, of which Ben Rogers yet remains high priest, the fame of the

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Rose-tree spread far and wide. Nothing in Fore's most florid plates of "Sporting Incidents," either in daring conception or bold execution, transcend the madcap frolics of those Rose-tree days. A midnight steeple-chase, as the result of postprandial discussion over the qualities of rival horses, or an all-day run after a straight-going fox, found the members equally prepared.

It was about this time that Philadelphians, awakening to the residential possibilities of the country surrounding their city, began an architectural "occupation" of the adjacent rural districts, which has created suburbs unexcelled probably anywhere in the world for accessibility and beauty. Some of the new-comers, as Mr. Charles E. Mather, for instance, whose grandfather kept a pack seventy-five years ago at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, inherited sporting instincts, others acquired them by contact, and yet others affected them to keep pace with the fashion of the hour. But, at all events, the invasion of the "city folk" gave additional impetus to fox-hunting. The farmer packs continued to hunt local districts whenever the fancy seized upon their several masters, and some of the new settlers found this desultory sport sufficient for their comfort, while yet giving them the opportunity of "talking hunting" in the clubs. The sportsmen whom this play at hunting did not satisfy, however, joined the Rose-tree—which, in addition to having the most desirable farmer element among its members, turned out the best horseflesh and the fastest hounds—and rode to hunt. For a considerable while, therefore, the Rose-tree

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was not only the most thoroughly sporting, but the most fashionable club in this country. As time wore on, however, and the taste for hunting increased as the country houses multiplied, there developed a desire for a pack of hounds nearer home, hunted on a more elaborate and English scale, which eventually, about 1884, resulted in the organization of the Radnor Club.

The first two or three years of the new Radnor showed very little improvement on the old farmer pack it had succeeded, with the exception possibly of a better-turned-out field. In point of sport the Rose-tree continued premier; no one had any very intimate knowledge of kennel-management; the hounds were entirely undisciplined, it being not infrequently the case that they were lost in the day's run, and left to wend their way home when the ardor of the chase had cooled. Moreover, following the hounds was not even attempted except by a very few, the greater number constituting themselves into a company of point-to-point riders, who, as is often the case in England, where large fields predominate, frequently headed the fox, to the supreme disgust of the straight-going sportsmen. Such was the state of affairs when Mr. Charles E. Mather was elected to the Mastership in '87. Mr. Mather's first efforts were directed to disciplining the hounds, and his next to educating his field to the necessity, for good sport, of following rather than larking about the country for a view of Reynard. With what success his endeavors have been rewarded, those that have enjoyed a day with the Radnor in recent years will attest.

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Up to the time Mr. Mather became the Radnor Master, the packs in that vicinity were made up entirely of American hounds. Indeed, I believe I am correct in saying that not only was the English hound an absent quantity, but he was looked upon by the local sportsmen as much inferior to the native-bred animal. Despite local prejudice, however, Mr. Mather straightway imported some English hounds, and began a series of experiments that have given results both valuable and interesting, and demonstrated the superiority of the English hound when properly handled. I am aware in bringing the two types into comparison of venturing on a never-ending theme of discussion between the respective adherents of the two breeds—a subject, too, that has received very able treatment from men better qualified to speak than I.

The English hound has suffered in comparison with the American for the reason that importations have not been of the best blood. It is unquestionably true that a mediocre or even good product of an English kennel does not fill the requirements of hunting in this country so satisfactorily as an American of the same grade. Furthermore, Mr. Mather's experiments have proved that the highest type of English hound which has been entered to fox in England is not so serviceable in this country as the best American. The nature of hunting in the two countries is altogether different. In England the coverts are small, comparatively speaking, artificially stocked, and systematically cared for, and the hound has a limited area for his work, with the huntsman constantly at his



THE OLD QUAKER INN AND ROSE-TREE CLUB-HOUSE

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heels to encourage and “lift” him. In the United States the coverts are large, are neither cared for nor artificially stocked (though a certain small percentage of foxes is turned loose in the Radnor and Genesee countries every season), it is frequently impossible for the huntsman to be up with his hounds, and their field of work is very large. In fact, nose and ranging quality are two of the greatest essentials to a good fox-hound in this country, and these, together with a beautiful voice, are the attributes *par excellence* of the American. In these three particulars the American-bred English hound of the highest type, which is to be found only in the Radnor kennels, has not equalled the native of purest blood. In speed and endurance, however, the English is superior.

It must be remembered that experiments doing equal justice to both breeds have been made only in the Radnor country. There are only three sections of the United States where riding to hounds after the wild fox obtains: in the Radnor, which is also practically the Rose-tree, so far as type of country is concerned; in the Genesee (Livingston County, New York); and in the Southern States—notably Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Virginia, and the Carolinas. In the Radnor Mr. Mather has twenty-five couple of imported hounds that were not entered to fox in England, five couple of English hounds that ran one season on the other side, ten couple of American-bred English hounds (all of these from the Belvoir stock, the best in the world), and ten couple of American hounds of the best blood in Pennsylvania. Of the Radnor English

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hounds, those not entered on the other side have shown after one season quite as satisfactorily as the American, while the ten couple raised here have surpassed the work of the native. In fact, neither the Radnor's high-bred Americans nor those of the best packs in the neighborhood have been able to live with them. The great improvement in the American-bred English hound has been in nose and ranging quality, developed to a degree very little inferior to the American, which, combined with superior speed and endurance, make the American-bred English hound the best for the requirements of the Radnor country.

In Genesee, Mr. Wadsworth employs a pack of English hounds of very good breeding; and uses also a few Americans for their ranging, but no comparison can be drawn here, because neither is the highest type of its kind.

In the South the American hound is used exclusively, and one could hardly discover a hunter in a week's travel who would not scoff at the idea of the English being even comparable. Even Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., sometime Master of the Meadow Brook, and one of the best and most enthusiastic masters of hounds in America, has become a stanch convert to the Southern belief. And Mr. Hitchcock's change of faith was not without cause, for it was born of experience with the English hounds which he took from Meadow Brook into the South. But even so, I am forced to say that his experience is not convincing; his hounds were a drag pack, accus-

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tomed to follow the man-with-the-bag at a steeple-chase pace and the aniseseed scent breast-high. Small wonder that they were left standing by the cold-nosed, highly strung, ranging American hound, that, bred to the highest degree, has been hunting the wild fox from puppy-hood.

Fox-hunting in the South generally differs completely both in country and method from elsewhere, and even varies in its several localities. The same type of country and conditions found in Tennessee, for instance, are by no means duplicated in Georgia, Mississippi, or Alabama; but all have large coverts, some too dense in underbrush to permit of riding, and call for keen nose and wide ranging. It is altogether likely, therefore, that the American hound is better suited to the requirements of Southern hunting than even the home-bred English one of highest type, though how the latter would compare no one can say, since the experiment is yet to be made.

The Radnor country has often been styled the Leicestershire of America, and it does indeed contain many of the features of the "shires." It has the woodlands of the Cottesmore, the broken-up country of the Belvoir, and, in what is known as the "back country," some of the great stretches of open upland which, on the other side, furnish those marvellous bursts of speed that have made the Quorn pack world-renowned. There is not a great deal of plough in Radnor that cannot be readily circumvented, and, as a rule, the going is pasturage which holds a fairly good scent. The jumping varies; there are

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posts-and-rails—sometimes topped by wire, but not very often, as the farmer is friendly—snake fences, and low stone walls. The more general fence, however, is the post-and-rail, which, although not attaining, except in a few scattered instances, the formidable proportions seen at Meadow Brook, is nevertheless fairly stiffish and well kept up.

In the matter of form, Radnor, as representing America, deserves its likening to England's hunting metropolis. There is no hunt in this country that approaches it in form of turning out or in cost of maintenance. The kennels, and club-house near-by, are complete and attractive; Mr. Mather has about a dozen hunters, from which he mounts the huntsman and whip, who turn out in pink and tops (leathers are not used over here), and the establishment costs something like \$3000 a year for each day of the week hunted. As the pack hunts three days a week, the annual cost is about \$8000 to \$9000. In England the cost averages \$3500 per day, or, at three days a week, \$10,500 per year; while in the fashionable Leicestershire \$15,000 will nearer represent the annual outlay.

Next to the Radnor, which is a subscription pack with liberal supporters and a Master who can and does put his hand into his own pocket at the end of the season for a few thousand, the most expensive are the Meadow Brook drag-hounds. It is a quasi-subscription pack, though owned and in part supported by Mr. F. Gray Griswold, the club's present Master, and has at times cost \$6000



MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS

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per year, but very likely \$5000 would now be a closer estimate. There is probably no pack of drag-hounds in America more expensive, and few as much so. Five thousand dollars would, too, I fancy, fairly represent the yearly cost of the Genesee hounds. As for the South, aside from Mr. Hitchcock, who has a kennel of a dozen couple of hounds, and half as many hunters, the expense of maintaining hounds or of hunting is very small. Hunting clubs as we have them in the North are not the rule, nor even the exception, apart from the Elk Ridge, near Baltimore. There is infinitely more fox-hunting, and the sporting spirit is more widespread than in any other section, but the sport partakes more of the flavor of the old days of farmer hunting in Pennsylvania. Hounds are bred and owned individually, and hunted in separate packs by their masters, usually at their own expense, sometimes aided by an indifferent subscription, or several packs in a locality are joined to furnish sport for larger fields. The packs average small in numbers, say from six to eight couple, and more generally speaking maintain their individuality, as there is great rivalry between owners, and as much discussion over the respective merits of different breeds as is excited by a comparison of the English and American. There are the famous Avent breed of Tennessee, the Walkers and the Goodmans of Kentucky, the Julys of Georgia, and only one versed in the intricacies of Southern kennel lore knows how many others. Some prefer the black and tan, some the white and tan, and yet others favor the solid red, but all breeds are lighter in bone than

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the English hound, and smaller, averaging in height from 21 to 24 inches, whereas the English maintain an even average of between 24 and 25, some even reaching 26 inches. Mr. Mather's bitch pack averages 24, and the dogs 25.

The American hound is a beautiful dog, however, with an exquisitely soft and intelligent eye, well-sloped but not broad shoulders, straight legs, and strong knees.

There has recently (1893) been formed in the South a National Fox-hunters' Association, for the express purpose of developing and raising the standard of the American hound. It is intended to hold a meet each year, at which the entries will be hunted by competent judges and rewarded on the following scale of points : "Hunting, 20; trailing, 20; endurance, 20; speed, 20; giving tongue, 10; judgment and intelligence, 10." It is more the music of the pack, and the pleasure of watching their sagacious work, than the ride, that is sought by the Southern fox-hunters. There is no hound voice on earth so sweet as that of the American, nothing in hunting to equal the melodious crash that announces the finding of Reynard, or the harmonious tonguing that sounds loud and clear or sweet and faint as the hounds speed away on the trail.

Only in a few Southern localities is the country sufficiently open to permit of keeping up with the hounds, for which reason there is much cutting across country and skirting the woods in which the hounds may be working. Good horseflesh is of course a *sine qua non* of riding to hounds, and nowhere in the world probably does

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the quality of the saddle-horse average higher than in the South. At the same time there is no effort made towards breeding hunters particularly; really no occasion exists for such a type, since, generally speaking, there is little jumping, and that little is not beyond the capabilities of the average animal. Hence we see in the Southern hunting-field a different style of mount from the conventional tail-docked, upstanding weight-carrier.

Both the red and gray fox are found in the South, the former an alien, who has partially exterminated the latter where formerly he predominated. The red is much fleeter, has the greater endurance, and his circles of flight are wider (sometimes he will go straight away for five miles), and a run of two, three, even four or five hours is not uncommon. The gray relies more upon his cunning than speed to outwit the hounds, and runs from fifteen minutes to one and a half and occasionally two hours. It does not take a well-trained pack of hounds long to run into him, and for this reason the swifter and more sport-giving red is always sought.

It was along in 1790 that General James S. Wadsworth moved from Connecticut into the Genesee Valley, purchasing the large estate that has ever since continued in the family, and building the "Homestead," which remains to this day the residence of Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, the present Master and owner of the Genesee hounds. It was about this time, too, that the Fitzhugh family went there from Virginia, carrying with them all the Southern predilection for fox-hunting. Of the sport during the early

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years of the present century I have been able to learn nothing. It is certain that a few hounds were kept by the isolated farmers that tilled the sparsely settled country, but it seems equally true that hunting was done on foot, and with a shot-gun, after the runway method at present in vogue in New England. Previous to 1876 both Mr. Wadsworth and the late Mr. Charles Carroll Fitzhugh had separately and together attempted hunting foxes with hounds to a kill, but it must be confessed with no marked success, owing to the indifferent quality of hound rather than lack of enthusiasm or perseverance on the part of the hunters. Nevertheless the sporting fever was rampant in the land, and a paper-chase club led in 1876 to the organization of a hunt. In that first year the result was more amusing than sport-giving; the club owned no hounds, and hunted with those it could borrow, each hound being brought and laid on by its owner. As may be surmised, the hounds did not hunt together, despite even the encouragement of being bled by a shot fox. The following year recorded the club's first huntsman, who assumed full charge of the pack in the field. But the improvement in work was very little, since the hounds, continuing to be kennelled at home, rather resented fashion's intrusion in the form of a huntsman, and were decidedly independent in their work. The death of Mr. Fitzhugh in '78 postponed hunting for that year, but in '79 the first earnest efforts for organized sport were made. Hounds were got together in a kennel at the "Homestead," and their closer acquaintance bettered the work in

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the field. A couple of drags were attempted for the purpose of accustoming them to run together, but they would not own the aniseseed, although it was strong enough for the riders to follow without other guidance. Then a fox was dragged over the trail, a man sent over the line with a four-foot measure to lower all jumps exceeding that limit, and the Genesee Hunt had its first steeple-chase.

But the real beginning of the Genesee Hunt dates 1880, when this assortment of hounds was returned to its owners, with thanks, and no hard feelings, and Mr. Wadsworth promptly started a pack of his own, the *personnel* of which is exceedingly interesting. It consisted of "Jim" and "Joe," and three puppies—"Stubby," "Speckle," and "Colonel." The last turned out to be useless, and "Stubby" received the extreme penalty imposed upon puppies given to sheep-slaughter. To these were added "Crafty" and "Graceful," a present from Mr. Griswold; two old bitches from the Queens County Hunt; "Madge," a flighty beast, given by George Servis; "Jack," a cheerful, obedient, though useless cur, got in Mount Morris; "Sport," an importation from Batavia; and "Echo," a finely bred but entirely unbroken hound from Mount Morris. Thus equipped, with a cow-shed to house the hounds, "Crinoline" and "Modoc" as the kennel horses, and Harry Wood as "feeder," Mr. Wadsworth began a Mastership that in a few years has placed the Genesee with the Radnor—the two clubs showing the best fox-hunting sport in this country.

There is none of the form in turning out at Genesee

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that obtains at Radnor—which, in fact, is the only club in the United States maintaining an English standard—but the Genesee Valley is the home of rare sportsmen and good horses. The former are home-bred, but the latter have been got largely from the near-by Canadian markets, though of recent years the county industry of horse-raising has produced many grand types. The country itself is a rural picture, with a landscape that brings to view open pasture uplands and grand going, connected with the lowlands by wooded gullies of varying length and depth, which test the bottom of your mount. The gully, in fact, is peculiar to the Genesee country, and a thorn in the flesh to both man and horse. It cannot be better described than it has been by the graceful pen of Mr. E. S. Martin, as a deep ravine with heavily wooded and steep sides, a rapid little stream flowing over a bed of young but experienced bowlders; thick and frequent clumps of hickory saplings that, do your best to prevent it, have an objectionable way of slapping you in the face and your horse on his quarters just as you are trying to climb down a particularly slippery bank with care and deliberation. The fencing is largely what is known as the Virginia snake, though there are post-and-rails, and some of that modern type consisting of laths stood on end and interwoven with wire. The season is rather shorter here than elsewhere, beginning about September 1st, and running into December so long as the winter permits. The Long Island drag packs are the only ones having a month in the spring, from March 15th, as well as an autumn

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season, but at Radnor they hunt from December through the winter with few checks into March.

The Genesee, unlike the proverbial prophet, is not unhonored in its own country ; on the contrary, it is very popular, and the fields are the largest that follow any Northern pack. Mr. Wadsworth's consideration for the farmers has completely won the confidence and respect of those tillers of the soil, with the result that they not only raise no objections to their land being ridden over, but join in the chase when the interests at home permit. As a matter of fact, the Genesee hounds could easily hunt their two days a week for a considerable part of the season, and, likely as not, never get off the extensive Wadsworth estate. Probably no better evidence of the Master's sentiments concerning the farmer, and concerning hunting, can be offered than the following excerpts from his address to the club members, which contains good stalwart common-sense doctrine rather humorously expounded. I hope Mr. Wadsworth will forgive my trespass on his literary preserves, but this address is altogether too good not to be put in permanent form ; it is a sporting classic that merits handing down to posterity.

“OF THE FARMER.

“ You have no business on a man’s land, but are there by his sufferance, and he is entitled to every consideration. It is no excuse that you are in a hurry. It is much better for the hunt that you should be left behind than that a farmer should be injured. If you take down a rail

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you should put it back. If you open a gate you should shut it. If you break a fence or do any damage that you cannot repair, you should report it at once to the responsible officers of the hunt that it may be made good. Although you may feel convinced that it improves wheat to ride over it, the opinion is not diffused or popular, and the fact that some fool has gone ahead is no excuse whatsoever, but makes the matter worse. The spectacle of a lot of men following another's track across a wheat-field and killing hopelessly the young plants which the first had probably injured but slightly is too conducive to profanity to be edifying in any community.

"You may think that the honest farmer deems it a privilege to leave his life of luxurious idleness and travel around half the night in the mud for horses which have got out, or spend days sorting sheep which have got mixed by your leaving his gates open or fences down. You are mistaken. He don't."

"OF THE MASTER."

"The M. F. H. is a great and mystic personage, to be lowly, meekly, and reverently looked up to, helped, considered, and given the right of way at all times. His ways are not as other men's ways, and his language and actions are not to be judged by their standard. All that can be asked of him is that he furnish good sport as a rule, and so long as he does that he is amenable to no criticism, subject to no law, and fettered by no conventionality while in the field. He is supposed by courtesy to know more



MEET OF THE GENESEE HOUNDS AT CHADWICK'S TAVERN

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about his own hounds than outsiders, and all hallooing, calling, and attempts at hunting them by others are not only very bad manners but are apt to spoil sport.

"As a general rule he can enjoy your conversation and society more when not in the field, with the hounds, riders, foxes, and damages on his mind.

"N. B.—The proffer of a flask is not conversation within the meaning of the above."

Since the primitive days of the Genesee Hunt the cow-shed kennel has been replaced by a modern and commodious one near the "Homestead," the pack increased in numbers and improved in quality from year to year, until now there are something like twenty-five couples of English hounds. Mr. Wadsworth's experiments with hounds have been as interesting in a way as Mr. Mather's. He has found the English, trained to the country, to be entirely satisfactory, and to improve in nose and ranging considerably by association with the American. The latter's naturally timid nature, however, makes it not very susceptible to discipline, and it remains, except under the most patient and skilful handling, an independent worker that more often than not is apt to demoralize a pack in countries requiring such hunting as the Radnor and Genesee.

Although the Elk Ridge Club was not organized until 1878, fox-hunting in Maryland was almost coeval with the settlement of the State. After the deer had been driven out of the tide-water counties the fox remained to furnish game for the vigorous sportsmen who, in pursuit of

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their quarry, frequently crossed the State boundary and remained away for days at a time. It was quite often the case that these sporting campaigns led to an interchange of courtesies between the hunters of Maryland and Virginia, in which latter State the fox was chased quite as enthusiastically. Unfortunately the sporting history of Virginia has never been written, for none is richer in fox-hunting reminiscences. The Father of his Country was himself an ardent sportsman, kept hounds (which must have been nailers, as it is set down "you could cover the pack with a blanket"), and turned out in good American style, his costume being a "velvet cap, blue coat, scarlet waistcoat, and buff breeches, with top-boots, and riding-whip with a long thong." The Revolution scattered club members, and caused a cessation in the sport here just as it had done around Philadelphia; and peace brought with it the necessity of building dissipated fortunes and starting anew the industrial wheels.

Thus for a time fox-hunting remained in abeyance, though it never ceased entirely, and always held its place in the affections of sportsmen. The hunting was at all times of the hardest nature, and hounds had to be of the stoutest strains to withstand the wear and tear of such protracted runs. They were generally a cross between the English fox and Irish stag hound, with a dash of beagle blood for use in the thickly tangled underbrush. This combination did not, as may be imagined, produce a handsome creature, but one in which endurance, speed, and keenness of scent reached their highest development. The horses, too,

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had plenty of good blood in their veins, as Governor Ogle, of Maryland, was among the first to import thoroughbred English stallions, of whose services the colonial planters freely availed themselves. When not hunting, match races were a favorite amusement in the principal towns, among which was Elk Ridge Landing, whence the club derives its name. The land-owners of this and adjoining neighborhoods, who had for years hunted in discursive fashion, finally determined to organize in permanent form, and this was the origin of the Elk Ridge Club. The nucleus of their pack was three couple of imported Irish fox-hounds, presented to the club by Mr. Charles H. Moore, of Virginia, from which many of the best in the kennels to-day are descended. The first meet was at Furnace Creek, October 29, 1878. Mr. Murray Hanson being Master, and the late General George S. Brown, President. It is commendable of General Brown's sportsmanship to note that he accepted office on condition that no bag-fox should be used.

Since its formation the club has had indeed but two Presidents, General Brown and Mr. Edward A. Jackson, and five Masters, Messrs. Murray Hanson, William T. Frick, Alexander Brown, T. Swann Latrobe, and Gerard T. Hopkins, Jun. The membership had so increased in 1880 that a move was made nearer Baltimore, where a cozy little farm-house was converted into a club, an old barn fitted with box-stalls, and a field laid off with a few modest jumps to lark over. It was about this time, also, that it was resolved to wear "red hunting-coats and high hats," the sight of which so frightened an ancient dame

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living near where the battle of North Point was fought, and in which vicinity the club happened one day to be hunting, that she cried out, "The Lord preserve us! the Britishers are coming agin!"

Up to this time fox-hunting *per se* had been the *raison d'être* of the Elk Ridge Club, but an increasing demand by the non-riding element led to the move into its present home, and the establishment of a country club, with all the sporting and social features necessary in such an organization. It led also to the frequent substitution of anise-seed for Reynard. But the club has prospered, and always shown a praiseworthy inclination to spare the farmer annoyance and injury, and to pay all fence and other damages promptly.

There is another kind of fox-hunting in the United States, which is peculiar to the New England States, and, likely as not, a relic of the creed that self-protection is nature's first law. There was a time when Reynard was a pest in the land, and farmers hunted him to the death with dogs and shot-guns for the preservation of their poultry. From being a necessity, just as the annual rabbit drive and slaughter is in California, it grew after a time to be regarded in the light of sport, and thus it is carried on to-day. To my mind the sport of fox-hunting ceases when the shot-gun is brought into use, nevertheless the custom obtains in New England a great popularity, it being asserted that more men use the shot-gun for foxes than for birds. The method is precisely similar to that in which deer are hunted in some localities, *i.e.*, the animal is chased by the

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MYOPIA HUNTING COUNTRY

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hounds, and the gunners lie in wait on runways. The excuse made for this manner of fox-hunting is that the foxes in New England possess such speed and endurance that they cannot be run to a kill by hounds. But occasionally it is done, and the probabilities are that more attention to the hounds and less to the gun would result in giving the same percentage of legitimate kills in New England as elsewhere. As a matter of fact, there are a few sportsmen in New England—notably Mr. N. Q. Pope, of Poland, Maine, who has a pack of Goodman and July hounds, and Dr. A. C. Heffenger, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, whose pack consists of July and Walker hounds—who hunt merely for the pleasure of the chase and the music of the pack, and live in hope that some day packs will be got together which can kill foxes, and the present shotgun era be obliterated. There is an association, also many “fur” clubs, and at a meeting of the Brunswick Club recently a pack of Goodmans and Julys ran into and killed a fox in one hour and a half. This looks as though there was hope for the future. The usual number of hounds used in the New England chase is two; more than four are rarely hunted; and it is by no means easy to get a shot at the fox, for the most skilful hunters consider they have done very well in securing a dozen pelts during the season (March to October). These “fur” clubs hold annual field trials, at which no foxes are shot, and have really done a great deal towards improving the New England hound. May they establish a type that will lead to the abolition of the shot-gun!

FOX-HUNTING

Although the drag is a poor substitute for the fox, the aniseseed bag has played an important part in our hunting history. It has educated many to an appreciation of the genuine article, given busy men the excuse for an exhilarating gallop, as well as developed probably the hardest-riding men in the world, and furnished us with a type of horse that renders it no longer necessary to import our hunters. It is only seventeen years ago that Jo Donohue's job-lot pack of hounds was removed from Hackensack, New Jersey, where they had been discovered and followed two years before by Colonel Fred Skinner, A. Belmont Purdy, Thomas Hitchcock, Jun., Robert Center, Colonel William Jay, Elliott Zborowskie, W. E. Peet, and F. Gray Griswold, and established as the Queens County pack on Long Island, to give the first drag-hunting in the United States. It is not fifteen years since the New York hunting set paid from \$125 to \$250 for their mounts at the Bull's Head in East Twenty-fourth Street, where a horse unfit for any other purpose was pronounced and sold as a hunter. In these years we have perfected our drag-hunting to a degree unequalled elsewhere, and bred hunters that compare favorably with the Irish and English, and are better suited to the requirements of this country. In that time, too, there have been established the Rockaway and the Essex drag-hounds, in '78; Meadow Brook, '80; Westchester, '81; Myopia, '82; and the Richmond County, Dumblane, Chevy Chace, and Monmouth County since 1890. Of these the Meadow Brook is undoubtedly the fastest pack in America, and the fame of its splendid

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pasturage country, its five-foot post-and-rail fencing, and its hard riders has spread throughout the hunting world. The Rockaway country has the same characteristics, save that its fencing is not so stiff. In the Essex and Monmouth countries, New Jersey, the enclosures are larger, and the fencing, some of it, blind and more varied, including post-and-rails, "snake," and low stone walls with a sapling rider that will turn a horse over quicker than a rail; and the farmers are very friendly to the sport. Westchester, New York, is a stone-wall country, exceedingly picturesque, with lowlands that have small enclosures and rough and trappy going, and highlands where the walls are more regular and clean, the enclosures larger, and the going excellent. You want a cool-headed, wary horse that jumps clean, and not a steeple-chaser, in Westchester. Myopia (Boston) hunted the fox until '89, when the drag was substituted, owing to the rocky and swampy character of the ground, which carried so poor a scent that a kill was impossible. The enclosures are fair size, there is little plough, few ditches, and a fair amount of timber, but walls predominate, and are often blind on both sides, though not high. Some of the going is very awkward, as there is only a narrow space by which to enter or leave the pastures, which means a deal of single-file galloping here as well as in the swamps and woodlands. The drags are generally run on straightaway lines, and it requires, therefore, a horse with pace and a clever, careful jumper that will take off a fair distance from his jumps and land a fair distance on the other side. The hunt has been exceedingly fortu-

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nate in the choice of its Masters, one of whom, Mr. Frank Seabury, served from '83 to '93, and did much towards popularizing the sport and gaining the good-will of farmers. There is a very interesting story to be told of each one of these clubs, which I hope to undertake another time.

Riding to hounds does not always imply fox-hunting, any more than a covert coat and hunting-hat string invariably indicate the hunting man. It is safe to say, however, that the average man who rides to hounds in this country, whether after fox or aniseed, is a sportsman. There is little gallery-work over here; there are no opportunities for the road or point-to-point riders to exploit themselves, for once the hounds have thrown off they disappear from the sight of all save those who follow straight. Enclosures do not have convenient gates to smooth the way of the non-jumping rider; if he hopes to keep the hounds in sight he must jump, and jump often, and keep going at a good lively pace. And this is the chief reason why the fields are not larger. Probably twenty-five is a fair estimate of the average, although the Genesee and Radnor both greatly exceed this number quite frequently. Of three hundred at the covert-side in England, ten per cent. follow straight. Here every man that turns out, with a rare exception now and then, rides his line. And the women that hunt ride their lines just as straight as the men. Not so many turn out as on the other side, for the reason that the fencing does not permit of the horse taking it in his stride, as in England, and the checking up at the take-off, bucking over, and starting off again produce a series of wrenches

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that only the stoutest feminine physique can sustain. Probably the greatest hinderance to the prosperity of hunting in this country is the rapidity and density with which suburbs are settled. In England country estates are maintained intact; here we cut them up into building lots so soon as they have reached a marketable value. Thus it comes about that hunting, while the oldest sport in the United States, is the least popular, and the time seems fast approaching when riding to hounds will be confined to the few sections where the wild fox is found, and the aniseseed bag will be displaced by the Queen Anne cottage and the kitchen-garden.

II

EVOLUTION OF THE COUNTRY CLUB



TEA AT A COUNTRY CLUB

EVOLUTION OF THE *COUNTRY CLUB*

BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY



T used to be said Americans did not know how to live, but that was before we were "discovered" by the journalistic missionaries of Great Britain. It used also to be said we did not know how to enjoy ourselves; but again, that was before the dawn of the country club. If we knew neither how to live nor how to enjoy ourselves until comparatively recent years, it must be acknowledged we have made excellent use of both time and opportunity since our enlightenment. Even yet our efforts to acquire more intimate acquaintance with the leisurely side of life are parodied by those who cannot understand the demands of this great throbbing work-a-day country of ours.

It must be admitted unhesitatingly that we are only just learning how to play; we have not been, nor are we yet, a nation of pleasure-seekers. We are a practical people; we build our living-house before undertaking landscape-gardening. If we have been long in turning our attention to material enjoyments, we have atoned somewhat for early indifference by modernizing the paraphernalia and investing in the pursuit all that earnestness which characterizes the American in whatever field he launches.

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Indeed, we have entered upon our recreation with such vigor, I often question if even yet we have attained wisdom with the recreative incentive. I confess to a doubt whether full enjoyment of our joys is an American attribute. We steal away for our holidays (likely as not with a portmanteau filled with work to do at odd moments), determined to rest and take life at its easiest; we promise ourselves to forswear all thoughts of business and the outer world; to loll about under the trees, and seek some of the lessons nature is said to have for us. We hold bravely to our resolutions for a day or so, but the third or fourth is certain to find us bargaining for city newspapers. Perhaps our grandchildren may see the day they can separate themselves from the office as effectually as though it existed in name only, but the present-day American, at least he who fills any active part in this great progressive movement, has not yet reached that development in the cultivation of holiday amusement.

In this particular we may indeed learn from the Englishman, who knows to the fullest how to take his recreation; nothing hurries him; little worries him; when he goes on his holidays, only collapse of the Bank of England would recall him to the business world. He has gone from town to enjoy himself, and he does so to the utmost of his capability, which is considerable. Truly it is restful to observe the Britisher at play; there is no doubting he is bent on recreation. Every movement bespeaks leisure. But then his disposition is and his training has been totally different from those of the American, to whom the Eng-

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lishman's comfortable way of conducting his business would of itself be recreation. Even the boys at play reveal the difference in temperament; the American school-boy engages in his games with as much light-hearted enthusiasm as the English lad, but the former shortly exhibits the national characteristic when, as university undergraduate, he gives so serious a turn to his sports, making preparation for contest a matter of considerable expense and elaboration, and giving results the greatest possible importance.

We Americans do nothing by halves—perhaps we should enjoy life more if we did—and the history of the country club, as much as anything else, bears witness to our tendency to superlative development. From having not a single country club in the entire United States of America twenty-five years ago, we have in a quarter of a century, in half that period, evolved the handsomest in the world. But here at least the reaction has been beneficial, for the country club has done appreciable missionary work in bringing us in contact with our fellows, where another than the hard business atmosphere envelops us, and in enticing us for the time being to put aside the daily task.

Apropos of the desire for relaxation that now and again fastens upon us when we have been driving the mind at the expense of the body, I recall a story once told me by an old army officer, who was well on his allotted years, illustrating my point so fittingly as to be worthy of recital here. It was while he was a cadet at West Point, and dur-

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ing the days when recreation as a tonic to study had not been recognized ; whatever there was of muscular activity came as a *nolens volens* part of the daily curriculum ; no out-door games of any description were tolerated, or at least encouraged. The desire to play became a disease that spread throughout the academy, and grew irrepressible, until one day marbles, surreptitiously taken into the barracks and half-ashamedly exhibited, suddenly filled the pockets of every cadet in the corps, as though by a sportive Santa Claus, and plebs and first classmen played at marbles with all the abandon of ten-year-old schoolboys. The West Point management has grown more sensible and liberal since that time, and marbles are no longer a necessity.

The country club in America is simply one of the results of a final ebullition of animal spirits too long ignored in a work-a-day world ; it is nature's appeal for recognition of the body in its co-operation with the mind.

Only a careful study of our country's history and its social traditions will give us a full appreciation of what the country club has done for us. It has, first of all, corrected to a large extent the American defect of not being able or at least not willing to stop work and enjoy ourselves ; it has brought together groups of congenial, cultivated people, that often as not might be sweltering in the midsummer sun in town, or at isolated country houses, or in crowded, ill-kept "summer hotels." It has given them a club and country villa combined in one, where, having practically all the comforts and delights of housekeeping,



RACE MEET AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, BROOKLINE

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they are called upon to assume none of its cares or responsibilities. For here the steward attends to the early morning market, worries with the servants, and may be held to account for the shortcomings of the *chef*, and at a cost below that on which a separate establishment of equal appointment could be maintained.

It is impossible to overestimate the blessings of the country club in adding comforts to country living that before were utterly unattainable, and in making it possible to enjoy a degree of that rural life which is one of England's greatest attractions. I say degree, for we have not yet attained the full delights of suburban residence as they are enjoyed in England, where a large and wealthy leisure class make wellnigh every great hall virtually a country club. In its present development the country club is really an American institution; there is little occasion for it in England, and nowhere is it so elaborated in the Old World as in the New.

To Boston must be given the credit of first revealing the possibilities and the delights of the country club. I never journey to the "Hub" that I do not envy Bostonians the geographical situation of their city, which is superior, from a sportsman's point of view, to that of any other in the United States. What with rural New England within a very few hours' railway travel, and the "North Shore," that ideal summer resting-spot, at their very gates, there is out-door entertainment for those of every disposition.

What nature has done for the Bostonian, a visit to the "North Shore," or perusal of Mr. Robert Grant's charm-

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ingly realistic pen-picture of its beauties, alone can show. Really it was not very neighborly of Mr. Grant to awaken so abruptly to our rural shortcomings those of us who had pitched our tents on less-favored ground.

A quarter of a century ago the residents of the north shore of Massachusetts Bay—to which no self-respecting Bostonian nowadays ever dreams of alluding otherwise than as the “North Shore”—differed little from those on the remainder of the much-broken New England coastline. If you seek the pioneer in the modern movement you must go to Mr. Grant for information. I shall tell you only how by degrees the busy American began to appreciate that “all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,” and gradually to stop for a breathing-spell. And thus, one at a time, slowly at first, the value of wholesome air and a bit of relaxation made converts. Slowly the underestimated farms passed from rustic to urban ownership, and became at once the most economical and best sanitariums in America, while the erstwhile proprietors withdrew farther into the New England fastnesses. Gradually, too, the entire scene changed from the up-at-sunrise-to-bed-at-sunset monotony of the simple-minded country folk to the brisk atmosphere of refined people; Nature herself seemed to welcome the more congenial surroundings, and the country assumed a brightened aspect. Where the leg-weary family hack, silhouetted against the autumn sky, had toiled over the hills to the solitary cross-roads store, the village cart now dashed along, drawn by a good-blooded horse, and driven by a fashionably gowned woman.

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Man and womankind improved in health, horseflesh in quality, and we began to learn how to use to advantage our opportunities for recreation and health.

Its contiguity to Boston, and the completeness of individual establishments, made a country club in its initial sense along the north shore unnecessary in the very first years of its popularity, and not until it had grown beyond the country abode of a few individuals, and taken on the air of a country retreat of the comparatively many, did the need of a co-operative amusement institution become apparent. Therefore but five years ago the Casino was established near Nahant, and only in the last couple of years the first country club (Essex) of the immediate north shore has been opened at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

On the southern shore of Massachusetts Bay Nature has not been so lavish in her setting of the country ; beautiful it is, indeed, but wanting in that grandeur of coastline which is the chief charm of the north. Here there are handsome homes, and many of them, but the settlement of this shore differed from that of the other, insomuch as those who went first to the latter did so as individuals, whereas, on the south, the pioneer fresh-air seekers settled in little bands of chosen ones. Thus the need of a rendezvous was early experienced, and realized in the establishment, in 1882, of the Brookline Country Club, the first of the genus in America, albeit some of the hunting clubs had been and are to this day filling a similar sphere.

Probably the country club has rendered its greatest service in tempting us out of doors, and cultivating a taste

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for riding and driving that has so largely benefited both sexes. With the evolution of the country club we have been developing into a nation of sportsmen and sports-women. Indeed, sport of one kind or another and the origin of the country club are so closely connected, it is exceedingly difficult to decide which owes its existence to the other. It may be asserted that country clubs, generally speaking, have been created by the common desire of their incorporators to make a home for amateur sport of one kind or another. Some grew directly out of sport, as, for instance, the Country Club of Westchester County, which was originally planned for a tennis club, the Rockaway, Meadow Brook, and the Buffalo clubs, that were called into existence by the polo and hunting men. Others owe their existence to a desire to establish an objective point for drives and rides, and a rendezvous within easy access of town like the Brookline and Philadelphia Country clubs. Others have been called into being as the centralizing force of a residential colony, as Tuxedo. And yet others have been created by fashion for the coast season, as the Kebo Valley, at Bar Harbor.

If sport has not been the *raison d'être* of every club's establishment, it is at all events, with extremely few exceptions, the chief means of their subsistence. Practically every country club is the centre of several kinds of sport, pursued more or less vigorously as the seasons come and go. A few of them maintain polo teams, and all supply implements and encouragement for as many kinds of games as its members will admit.



COUNTRY CLUB OF WESTCHESTER COUNTY

THE COUNTRY CLUB

After all, the country club is nothing more than a rendezvous for a colony of congenial spirits ; at least that, with more or less variation, is its cardinal virtue ; but in our restless progressive way we have pursued the revelations of the new life with such tireless energy, I sometimes fear we run the risk of neutralizing the good to be otherwise derived. The ultra-fashionable side of the country club we must always deplore. The effort, happily in only isolated cases, to drag all the pomp and vanity and inane parade of town into the country, where it is in touch with neither the surroundings nor one's inclinations, presents quite as incongruous a situation as that other inanity, where much time and money, and not so much brains, combine to enforce the formalities of full dress at a yachting-cruise dinner upon those who have got into their flannels for a week's relaxation.

The intrusion of "fashion," so called, into some of our choicest summer resting-places has robbed them of all that charm which superb scenic surroundings and relief from society's conventionality formerly gave. One goes into the country in summer to rest and be rid of the set scene of the winter functions. Newport has long been given over to society's star performers, and to simple-minded provincials who journey thither to gape at the social menagerie.

As great an offence, however, is the desecration of the country by attempts to citify it. Citified country is not often a pleasing picture to contemplate, never so when it greets us at the club whither we have flown to escape

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it. I am inclined to agree with Miss French's sometimes irritable but always philosophical Professor in his lament at finding neither a lily in the ponds nor a solitary mud-puddle anywhere on the roads in the country-club vicinity; who finds, instead, asphaltum walks, and brooklets which you make sure are turned on in the morning and shut off again at night, and where "little bird-cage cottages are all about, with little birds in them all singing the same song. Big club-house, same people, same rocking-chairs, same people rocking in them, same waiters, same floor, same band, same dead monotony, until you feel as if you would like to blow up one half of it to give the other half a new and real sensation." But this is a phase of one or two country clubs only, for not many spoil what they have by attempting what they cannot obtain —natural results with artificial propagation. Where nature has left off, man has stepped in to complete—and not infrequently, too, to mar—the picture. What marvellous displays of taste do we see by those privileged to erect country houses! What a heterogeneous array of architectural nightmares is presented for one's torture—particularly at the sea-side resorts, where the majestic splendors of the coast-line demand the more of the builder! Nowhere does recent architecture harmonize more thoroughly with its surroundings than in California, where many of the country houses and suburban clubs seem almost to have been modelled as a fitting and crowning complement by the same hand that had fashioned the ideal setting.



ALONG THE TURNPIKE

THE COUNTRY CLUB

Really, country-club life has two sides—its domestic, if I may so call it, and its sporting, and not every club has both. Nor do I mean social for domestic. Every club has a social side, and that of the country club is particularly festive in season. But the domestic side is given only to those that have been the magnet in the founding of a colony of residents. Its domesticity may not be of the nursery order, but it goes so far as apportioning a part of its house for the exclusive use of its women members, and in some instances, at the mountain and sea-side resorts, the house is common to members of both sexes. One or two in the West carry the domestic feature so far as to give it somewhat of a family aspect, which, it must be confessed, is a hazardous experiment. One roof is not usually counted upon to cover more than one family harmoniously. The one distinguishing feature of the country club, however, is its recognition of the gentle sex, and I know of none where they are not admitted either on individual membership or on that of *paterfamilias*.

Clubs like the Meadow Brook and the Rockaway, which were organized for hunting and polo pure and simple, have no domestic side and make no especial provision for women, though both entertain, the latter in its pretty little club, the former more often at the home of one of its members.

It is the sporting side of the country club, however, that gives it life and provides entertainment for its members; the club and our sporting history are so closely interwoven as to be inseparable. Polo, hunting, and pony-

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racing owe to it their lives, and to the members we are largely indebted for the marked improvement in carriage horseflesh during the past five years. They founded the horse show, made coaching an accepted institution, and have so filled the year with games that it is hard to say whether the country-club sporting season begins with the hunting in the autumn or with tennis in the spring, for there is hardly any cessation from the opening to the closing of the calendar year.

Once upon a time the country was considered durable only in summer, but the clubs have changed even that notion ; all of them keep open house in winter, some retain a fairly large percentage of members in residence, and one or two make a feature of winter sports. Tuxedo holds a veritable carnival, with tobogganing, snow-shoeing, and skating on the pond, which in season provides the club table with trout. The Essex Country Club of New Jersey owns probably the best-equipped toboggan-slide in America, and on its regular meeting nights electric illumination and picturesque costumes combine to make a most attractive scene.

Spring opens with preparations for polo, lawn-tennis, and yachting. Not all country clubs have polo and yachting, but every one has courts, and several hold annual tournaments that are features of the tennis season, and where the leading players are brought together. Of the country clubs proper, only Westchester, Philadelphia, Essex, Brookline, St. Louis, Buffalo, really support polo teams, besides which there are the Meadow Brook and

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Rockaway, the two strongest in the country, and Myopia hunt clubs. Two only enjoy yachting facilities, the Country Club of Westchester County and the Larchmont Yacht Club. The latter, although strictly speaking devoted to yachting, is, nevertheless, virtually a country club, with one of the handsomest homes of them all, a fleet second in size only to that of the New York Yacht Club, and a harbor that is one of the safest and most picturesque on the coast. Westchester has no especial fleet aside from the steam and sailing yachts owned by a few individuals of the club; but its harbor is a good one, and its general location very attractive.

All the clubs dabble in live-pigeon trap-shooting, which is regrettable, for it is unsportsmanlike, to say nothing of the cash prizes, professionalizing the participants. It is a miserable form of amusement and unworthy the name of sport; but it is not so popular as formerly, and that, at all events, is something in its favor.

The polo season begins in the latter part of May, and continues more or less intermittently to the middle of September, and sometimes even as late as the first week of October. But usually October sees the end of it, for by that time the interest in hunting is quickening, and active preparations are making for the field. Hunting and polo in the early days constituted the sole sport of the country-club members, but the introduction of other games in the last five years has divided the interest that was once given to them entirely. Neither has retrograded; but they have not expanded as they should. However,

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that's another story. Whatever may be lacking in its progression, polo is the game that furnishes the country club with its most spirited scenes. The rivalry between the teams is always of the keenest, and the spectators, made up largely of the members of the contesting clubs, are quite as susceptible to its enthusiasm as the players.

Probably the most characteristic country-club scene, however, is created by the pony-race meetings given on the tracks with which several of the clubs are provided. Here there is ample opportunity for the hysterical enthusiasm so dear to the feminine soul, and plenty of time between events for them to chatter away to their hearts' content. Here, too, there is the certainty of seeing one's friends not only in the carts and on top of the coaches that line the course, and on the temporary little grand stand, erected for the near-by residents of the club colony, but frequently riding the ponies. Formerly more gentlemen rode than is the case now, but one day some one, who evidently cared more for the stakes than for the sport, put a professional jockey on his pony, and many others with equally strong pot-hunting tendencies have followed the example. So to-day we go to a meeting expecting, hoping to see our friends, or at least club men, in the saddle, and find instead at least eight out of every ten ponies ridden by second-rate professionals or stable-boys.

Only, therefore, when racing is under strictly club auspices and partakes of the nature of a hunt meet, with gymkhana and other equestrian sports of more or less acrobatic nature, do we have the Simon Pure sport, with



DISCUSSING PROSPECTS AT A PONY RACE MEET

THE COUNTRY CLUB

“gentlemen up.” On such an occasion the social and sporting sides of the club are revealed at their best. Turn your back to the race-course and you well might fancy yourself at a huge garden party; go into the paddock, and you will find the same scene with a different setting; the same well-groomed men and women that out yonder are drinking tea are here, every last one of them talking horse for dear life, and, what is more to the point, talking it understandingly. Some of the clubs, notably the Genesee Valley Hunt, hold annual meetings, where very skilful tent-pegging, lemon-cutting, and rough-riding creditable to a Cossack, show the practical results of this sporting age. Some, again, on their point-to-point runs give us the only really amateur steeple-chasing of a high class in America. The country club has, indeed, as many sides and many charms as a fascinating woman—merciless in the live-pigeon-shooting, equal to any emergency in the hunting-field, and a veritable coquette in the bewitchery of the hunt ball.

There is so much that is entirely delightful in the country club, we wait patiently and in confidence for the correction of the few incongruities that drew forth the “Professor’s” pointed criticism. Probably when we have been enjoying ourselves awhile longer we will learn to do so a bit more comfortably to all concerned; just now we make of it a little too much business, and lay out the day’s routine for our guest as though it were a “brief” to be completed by the evening, whether or no we have the inclination for the undertaking. The English excel

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us in this small but important particular of entertaining, by knowing that the secret of pleasing one's guests is in permitting each to follow the bent of his own inclinations. On the other side your host gives you to understand that you can best please him by pleasing yourself. You may join the party that is putting up a luncheon-basket for a day's drive, or go for a round of the golf-links, or have a run with the hounds, or stop at home, as one often feels like doing, for a few quiet hours in the library. The average American host is more solicitous for your day's pleasure—aggressively so, let us say; he is determined you shall enjoy yourself—at least he will keep you on the go. He makes up the parties, and thrusts his guests into them with apparently never a thought of its being quite possible that all may not be of a like turn of mind. He works hard in his endeavor to keep the interest of his guests constantly aroused; he wants no *ennui* under his roof. Our big-hearted, energetic American host means it all for our pleasure, but has not been "at play" long enough to have thoroughly mastered the art.

The club furnishes more independent recreation than most hosts are able to provide, which is one of the reasons why men who do not care to be raced hither and thither in a perspiring search for pleasure prefer the club hearth-stone to that of the individual.

But country-club benefits remain so abundant as not to be easily computed. While being a family physician whose prescriptions are always agreeable, it has at the same time cultivated a love of out-doors for itself, and

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stood as the rallying-point for every sport in America in which the horse is a factor. Modern organized hunting in America began in 1877 with the Queens County drag hounds (though it must not be forgotten that fox-hunting has existed in the vicinity of Philadelphia for about one hundred and fifty years, and in parts of the South for the same length of time), and immediately found support from the men who afterwards made country clubs possible; so also with polo, introduced in '76; and pony-racing, first centralized under an association in '90. Probably coaching and driving generally, however, have profited most by the country club, in that it has given an objective point in the day's outing where intelligent care for the animals, congenial spirits, and a good dinner were assured. Too much credit cannot be given the Coaching Club, founded in '75 by Messrs. James Gordon Bennett, Frederick Bronson, William P. Douglas, Leonard W. Jerome, William Jay, De Lancy Kane, S. Nicholas Kane, Thomas Newbold, and A. Thorndike Rice, not only for its encouragement of four-in-hand driving, but for the general impetus, and consequent improvement in horseflesh, that has shown such satisfactory results in the past ten years. The club's influence on horsemanship and sportsmanship has been considerable, and with the creation of country clubs long drives became a possible and delightful feature of the year. Nor have the Coaching Club's pleasures and lessons been altogether esoteric; it has from the very beginning given the public an almost annual opportunity of enjoying the exhilaration of coaching, to say nothing of

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acting as a general educator in coaching ethics. Mr. De Lancy Kane was the first, in April, 1876, to put on a public coach, the Tally-Ho, to Arcularius's Hotel, at Pelham Bridge, which he again ran in '77, and also in '80. On April 25, 1881, the Tantivy was put on the road to Tarrytown by Colonel W. Jay, George Peabody Wetmore, T. A. Havemeyer, Hugo O. Fritsch, Isaac Bell, Jun., and F. Bronson, and ran six months.

In '82 Mr. Kane reappeared with the Tally-Ho, and in May of the same year the Tantivy was put on the road to Yonkers by the same proprietors as the year before. In '84, '87, and '89 public coaches were run by Messrs. J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, C. Oliver Iselin, F. Bronson, R. W. Rives, and the Coaching Club.

Since that time coaching has grown materially. Short trips out of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston no longer suffice. Mr. F. O. Beach made the first ambitious attempt at a longer route by running a line to Tuxedo Club; but 1894 has been the greatest year in coaching history, there having been three distinct lines running out of New York to country clubs, one of them, a daily between New York and Philadelphia, about 110 miles, the longest route on record, the next being from London to Brighton, 54 miles. This coach was maintained by the Philadelphia Four-in-hand Club, and horsed and driven by its members. It was a huge undertaking, requiring 108 horses, and drivers serving four days in the week—twice as first whip and twice as second—but they made a record of maintaining the longest and most perfectly appointed coach line in the



THE COUNTRY CLUB AT BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

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world, and with thirteen changes of horses completed the distance in twelve hours and five minutes.

Tandem-driving has not been so associated with the country club, and though leading a fairly prosperous existence, with annual meets showing improvement in form and horseflesh, has had nothing like the influence on the amateur sporting world of four-in-hand driving.

This paper would not be complete without a glance at some of the country clubs that have been instrumental in setting in motion and keeping moving this out-door wave that has swept over us in a dozen years.

As the eldest and one of the most picturesquely located, the Country Club of Brookline deserves precedence. It had its origin in J. Murray Forbes's idea of an objective point for rides and drives, and was organized in 1882. No other club possesses a hundred acres of such beautiful land within such easy access, for it is only five and a half miles from the State House, and can be reached from Boston without going off pavement, and, better still, in its immediate neighborhood none of the rural effects have been marred.

The club-house, originally a rambling old building, is very picturesque, and has been enlarged from time to time to meet requirements. Its piazza overlooks the race-course, in the centre of which is one of the best of polo fields. Before the organization of the club the Myopia Hunt, then in its infancy, held steeple-chase meetings on its property, and in these races, and those given in the early years of Brookline, "gentlemen up" was the invariable rule. Of late years, however, professionals have been

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admitted, and with no advantage to the sport. In those days the regular working ponies and hacks of the members were entered; now horses come from New York and Canada, trained to the hour, and in some respects the racing is of a higher order, but the sport is not so enjoyable, and the old-time flavor has departed.

There is a shooting-box, where clay pigeons are used, a toboggan-slide, golf-course, and good tennis-courts, both grass and gravel; and it is not improbable that some day will see cottages for members similar to the plan adopted at Tuxedo.

In the winter, one evening a week has a *table d'hôte* and an informal dance, to which the members and friends from town are sure to come. In fact, nearly all the seats are booked far in advance, and the informality of these occasions lends the essence of ideal country-club life. Indeed, no country club in America so nearly approaches that ideal as Brookline.

The Country Club of Westchester developed from a suggestion to organize a tennis club into a determination to found a club where all country sports could be enjoyed. The newly organized club leased the house and racing-grounds of Dr. George L. Morris, at Pelham, and after some alterations, including a large addition, took possession April 4, 1884, fully equipped with tennis-courts, a race-track, polo field, baseball grounds, traps for pigeon-shooting, a pack of hounds, boats, and bath-houses.

The sale of Dr. Morris's property made it necessary to find other quarters, and in December, 1887, the Coun-

THE COUNTRY CLUB

try-Club Land Association organized and bought Van Antwerp Farm, of about eighty acres, located on East Chester Bay, between Pelham Bridge and Fort Schuyler, and in the spring of '88 began to lay out the grounds and build the present club-house and stables, into which they moved the following year.

From its inception the club has kept up all the sports of the day: polo and tennis tournaments, baseball, pigeon-shooting, golf, boating (having two launches for the use of the members), and tobogganing and skating in winter. There is also quite a colony of handsome cottages on the grounds, owned by members, and altogether Westchester has probably more than any other encouraged sport of all kinds, both by precept and example.

Although entirely given over to hunting and polo, the Meadow Brook and Rockaway clubs were the pioneers in the country-club movement, and have been the most active workers in encouraging its growth. Both are strictly devoted to the horse, and the Meadow Brook men more particularly have been most prominent in the culture of the American breed.

The Meadow Brook Hunt Club was organized in 1879, though it had hunted two years previously with a pack that was taken over to Westchester. Its club-house is a quaint affair, with absolutely no pretensions to architectural beauty, and made up of two wooden buildings, each two stories high, joined together at their second story by a covered bridge, under which the driveway goes to the stables in the rear.

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Rockaway has a modern home and more space for entertaining. Tuxedo has a modern and very handsome club, that was opened in 1886 with a colony of handsome cottages, which, in fact, called it into being. Philadelphia's country club was organized in 1892, with polo as a *raison d'être*. It has none of the features of Brookline, Westchester, or Tuxedo, but is a charming objective point for an afternoon drive. As a matter of fact, any other sort of club around Philadelphia is uncalled-for. There is no need of country clubs in Philadelphia suburbs, with its handsome homes, and miles of beautiful lawns and orchards and gardens that load the air with rich perfumes, and where fields of daisies grow in such profusion they look like fields of snow which refuse to melt under the rays of the summer sun. Chestnut Hill and Bryn-Mawr and the rest are more English in their method of entertaining than any other suburbs in America.

The Elkridge Fox-hunting Club is Baltimore's country club, and delightfully situated it is in Multavideo Park, about five miles out on St. Charles Avenue. As its name implies, fox-hunting is its sport, for which purpose it was organized in 1878, the country-club feature being added to gratify the wishes of the non-hunting set in 1887. There is no attempt at lavish display here, but its appointments are in the best of taste and judgment, and its *chef* unexcelled.

I cannot undertake, of course, to touch upon every country club—it would be stupid reading and take too much space—and therefore confine myself to represent-



IN A PHILADELPHIA SUBURB



THE COUNTRY CLUB

ative ones only, but I must mention the Burlingame Country Club, of California, because, architecturally speaking, it is the most picturesque in America, and altogether a unique member of clubdom, and because it has an interesting history. It is situated in an 800-acre park, with splendid roads and attractive views, surrounded by a colony of cottages, all of the English half-timber style, and shaded by the magnificent wide-spreading oaks which are at once the charm and peculiarity of this beautiful park.

Riding, driving, polo, golf, and tennis are the sporting attractions, and the stables are filled with ponies and horses and traps of all sorts, which are hired out to members—rather a novel departure, but an exceedingly successful one in this case. The club was originally planned by Mr. Burlingame, who will be remembered as minister to China in the early sixties, and author of the treaty which bears his name. He returned to California very wealthy, and interested in the scheme W. C. Ralston, the Napoleon of finance on the Pacific coast in those days; both lost their money before they perfected the plans, and the property passed to the Sharon estate, to which it now belongs. In the past two years this estate has undertaken to carry out the programme devised by Burlingame and fostered by Ralston twenty years ago.

Who shall deny the country club to have been a veritable blessing, what with its sport and pleasure and health-giving properties that have brushed the cobwebs from weary brains, and given us blue sky, green grass,

THE COUNTRY CLUB

and restful shade in exchange for smoke-laden atmosphere, parboiled pavements, and the never-ceasing glare and racket of the city? And womankind too has partaken of country club as she should of all blessings, in relaxation from the petty trials of housekeeping, and the parade and deceits of "society," while the hue of health has deepened in her cheeks. It has been a wholesome growth all round. Beginning life as somewhat of a novelty, the country club has become so familiar an institution that we wonder, as about the New York elevated railway, how we ever managed to get on without it.

III

COUNTRY CLUBS AND HUNT CLUBS
IN AMERICA

COUNTRY CLUBS & HUNT CLUBS

IN AMERICA

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN



LONG time ago men discovered that by clubbing together they could maintain a town house on a scale of comfort and even luxury which would be very much beyond the individual means of most of them. It was convenient to have such houses, and for more than a century they had been a familiar feature of the life of great cities. The application of the same principle to the maintenance of a country estate is a matter of comparative novelty, and largely of American development.

The English country house abounding all over Great Britain has apparently made the country club a much less necessary appurtenance to English cities than to ours. The well-to-do and fashionable Briton hies him to town in the spring and stays there until the summer is well advanced. While he stays in London he is abundantly occupied and amused, and when he leaves, it is to go to his country house or to a watering-place, or to travel by land or sea, or to shoot, or pay a round of visits and get ready for the hunting season. All England is a sort of country club for London, and the lesser British towns are ministered to in like manner by the rural districts about them. Sport has long been a fixed habit of the British people, and

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for generations provision has been made for it in foot-ball and cricket grounds, in village commons, in shooting preserves, and in that profusion of hunt clubs which makes it difficult in the hunting season to ride fifty miles in any direction without coming within hearing distance of a huntsman's horn.

But for the resident of an American city the conditions are different. As long as his town was small and his income limited, the urban American got on well enough. He was too busy adding to his income to have much time for recreation; he had crude ideas about playing, and when he wished to rest his eyes with a sight of the green fields he could get into his wagon and drive in a few minutes beyond the limits of paved streets into the country. As his city grew his income increased, the nervous strain of living increased, the hours of his work shortened, and the strenuousness of his application was aggravated; he began to need more recreation, more country air, more country scenes. If the town he lived in was very big, he sometimes got himself a house in its suburbs, and whether as urban or suburban resident, he indulged himself more and more in horses. Then gradually the country clubs began to appear. Horse was usually at the bottom of them at the beginning, and though bicycle has grown to be Horse's rival now-a-days, Horse as yet still holds his precedence and keeps to the fore. City people who keep horses for pleasure want a place to drive to. It must not be too far off, and the roads leading to it must be fit to drive over. Dwellers in suburbs want the same thing, and they



MEET OF THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT AT MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S HOUSE,
SYOSSET, LONG ISLAND

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want further, more than city folks, a social centre, where balls can be had and dinners eaten, and where in the late hours of the afternoon, when the men have got back from town, they can get sight of one another, play tennis, polo, golf, or base-ball, and swap conversation, horse points, and invitations to dinner. One purpose further the country club serves: to make a summer home for bachelors whose business keeps them near town all summer, and for laborious benedicts whose families go farther away than they can follow them. It would seem, then, that there are two species of country club — the suburban club, which grows out of the needs of the dwellers in a suburb, and that which is devised for the convenience of members who live in town. But, practically, the distinction is not very definite. There must be a city before there can be suburbs. Suburban country places are apt to cluster around a good country club, even if they were not there in the beginning, and a club designed to meet the wants of suburbanites is sure to gain a membership from city people, who want to share its privilege and enjoy its sports.

As has been said, the corner-stone of the country club is Horse. When the average American begins to find himself master of more money than he requires for the simpler comforts of life, one of the first luxuries to which he treats himself is a horse. If he can afford more horses than suffice for mere convenience, he keeps others for pleasure. Time was when the American sole idea of a pleasure horse was a trotting horse, and every American country town has

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been used these many decades to provide itself with an agricultural trotting-race track as one of its earliest necessities ; but of later years while the trotting horse has continued to be a favorite, the taste for other varieties of equine merit has developed. Horses that are good to look at, and to haul carriages handsomely, and to carry riders, have been felt to be worth cultivating as well as horses that are good to go fast. The horse that the country clubs are interested in is the horse that hauls a dog-cart, a surrey, a tea-cart, a drag, or a plain family wagon ; the horse that contributes to the perfection of a tandem or a four-in-hand ; the horse that can jump a fence and run in a steeple-chase ; and the small, but active, quadruped that carries the polo-player. Whenever you find a country club you find a centre of interest in all these equine developments. In most of them polo becomes sooner or later a prominent sport. It furnishes a very active sport for the men who play it, and a lively and entertaining spectacle to the women and children and more prudent men who prefer to look on. It also serves as a summer horse-sport for those organizations which are half country- half hunt-clubs, whereby men can get their summer exercise and put themselves in proper condition for the hunting when it comes. Sometimes country clubs develop out of polo, as the Buffalo Country Club, or the Dedham Polo Club, which latter, though not strictly a country club as yet, serves many of the purposes of one to its members ; sometimes polo is merely a development, as in the Country Club of Brookline or of Westchester ; and oftentimes polo



THE OLD STONE TAVERN
ON THE REISTERSTOWN TURNPIKE, BALTIMORE COUNTY, MARYLAND
HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE GREEN SPRING VALLEY HUNT CLUB

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and country club both develop out of hunt clubs, as is the case with the Myopia Club of Hamilton, and the Meadow Brook and Rockaway Clubs on Long Island. So constant and widespread has been the recent development of the taste for riding and driving and open-air sports in this country, that in every large American city which has not a country club already, the question is not so much whether to have one, as where is the best place for it and when it shall be started. New York already has Tuxedo, the Westchester Country Club ; clubs that answer much the same purpose at Orange and Morristown ; golf clubs at Yonkers and Southampton, and the hunt clubs on Long Island, all of which, and others besides, are centres of social activity and sport. So Philadelphia has the Philadelphia Country Club, the Germantown Cricket Club, the Radnor and Rosetree hunts ; Washington has its country club and its Chevy Chase Hunt ; Baltimore the Catonville Country Club, and the Elkridge Hunt, with its club-house and grounds.

Boston has the Brookline Country Club, one of the oldest organizations of the kind, and perhaps the best example of what a country club ought to be ; it has also the Essex County Club at Manchester, where golf, polo, and tennis greatly flourish, and the dames of the North Shore gather in amazing force and beauty to lend them countenance ; the Dedham Polo Club, a modest organization of vigor and increasing renown ; and the Myopia Hunt Club on the North Shore at Hamilton.

The Brookline Country Club is about five miles from

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the business centre of Boston. Good roads lead to it from all directions and make it accessible by driving from Boston, and most of the suburban cities and villages that environ that fortunate town. The grounds of the club include acreage enough for a half-mile track, a course for steeple-chasing, a polo field, golf links, and as many tennis-courts as are called for, besides woodland, shaded avenues, and long stretches of lawn. The club-house, facing the lawns and polo field, stands back several hundred yards from the street, from which a shaded avenue leads to it. It is the house that was bought with the estate, enlarged to meet the requirements of the club. Without any violent pretensions to architectural beauty, it is handsome enough, and has reception-rooms, ball-rooms, dining-rooms, billiard-rooms, bath-rooms, bed-rooms, and piazza-room enough for the club's necessities. Its stables are proportionately ample and convenient. Its activities continue all the year round, but as a large proportion of its members hie them to the seashore or elsewhere in summer, its liveliest times are in the spring and fall. Steeple-chasing, flat-racing, pony-racing, and gymkhana games are its habitual exercises, and last fall it held a sort of blizzard of sport when a horse-show, a dog-show, or some other sporting spectacle was provided every day for six days running. The activity of its polo-players is continuous all through the season, and golf, which is a godsend to country clubs, has already taken an important place in its activities. It will be seen that this club abounds in what the theatrical managers call "attractions." When anything of special moment

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offers, its grounds are gay with fair women, brave horses, bicycles, grooms, carriages, and gentlemen; and when nothing in particular is going on it is still a pleasant place to drive to and get dinner.

What the Brookline Country Club is most of the other country clubs are, or hope to be, always with such differences as environment contributes. Such clubs as the Essex County, the Catonville, or the Westchester, placed in a centre of summer homes, are liveliest in summer, while the hunt clubs which have country club features are most active in the fall.

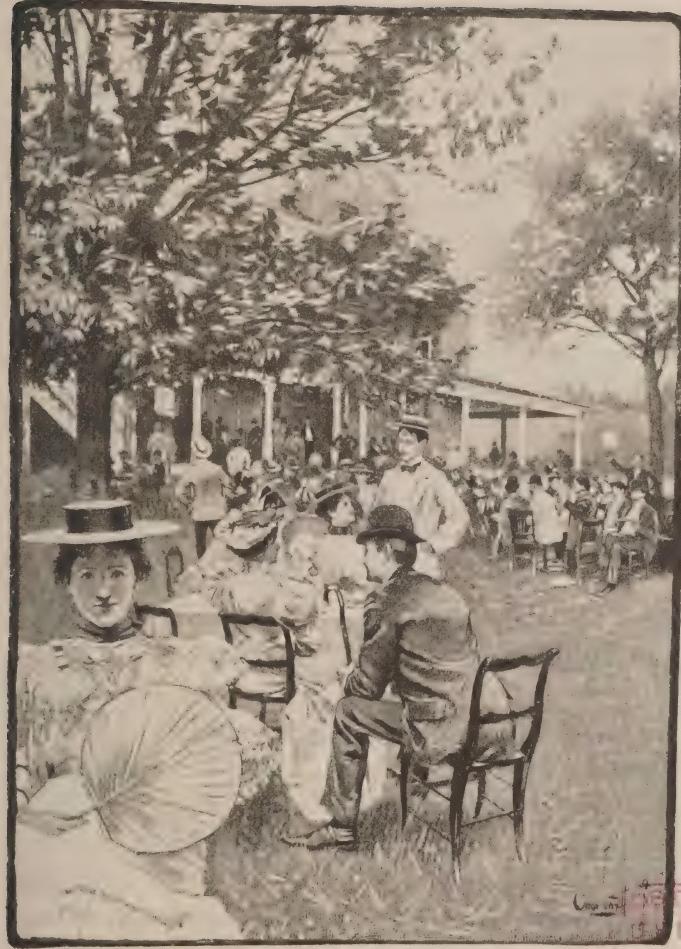
Most of the hunt clubs are the outcome of the same development of wealth, leisure, and sporting proclivities to which the rise of the country clubs is due.

Hunting in England seems to have grown originally out of the necessities of country life. For centuries the most important form of British wealth was land. All important Englishmen had landed estates, most of them got their chief revenues from them, and most of them lived a good part of the year in one or another of their country places. They had to amuse themselves as they could. The habit of the chase came down to them from remote times, and when they had no wild creature left that was chasable but the fox, they cherished the fox and duly and diligently chased him. In some parts of the United States it has happened that, ever since the country was first settled, foxes have been chased by country gentlemen, who needed some active sport to beguile their seasons of leisure. Thus it was in Virginia so long before the Revo-

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lution that when Lord Fairfax and George Washington kept hounds and hunted them, fox-chasing was an old story to the horsemen of those parts. But our modern American revival of fox-hunting and cross-country riding springs not so much from the need of beguiling the monotony of the lives of landed proprietors and country gentlemen, as from the necessities and aspirations of city men. Fox-hunting or even drag-hunting is an expensive amusement, and though in country districts where it has been started the farmers oftentimes share its excitements and help it on, the revenues of agriculture do not often suffice for its support. In some few exceptional cases the sport has been a true local development of the country hunted, but much more often is it a suburban enterprise, originated and supported by city men who want to hunt, and whose business, if not their homes, is in town. Out of twenty-five American and Canadian hunt clubs, at least twenty have this suburban characteristic. It is partly due to local conditions, and especially to the fact that this is a country of small farmers who own their farms, instead of landed proprietors and tenant farmers. But it is also a result of that world-wide, contemporaneous tendency which is making all the great cities bigger and many of the lesser towns great, so that even in Great Britain the two hundred, more or less, hunts which flourish in spite of hard times doubtless draw a very much more important proportion of their support from city men than they did twenty-five or even ten years ago.

The city man's desire to hunt is based neither on affec-



LUNCH ON RACE-DAY AT THE "KENNELS,"
THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ELK RIDGE, MARYLAND, HUNT CLUB

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tation nor on mimicry. Americans do not hunt foxes or ride across country because it is done in England. The strain of English blood may show itself, perhaps, in American horsemanship, but Americans ride across country because that is a far livelier and more interesting form of riding than riding on the road, even when it is a country road—much more so when it is a park road or a paved street. And when Americans hunt foxes, they do it for the same reason that the English do, because following the trail of a fleet and wily animal is better sport than following a cross-country trail artificially laid, and because the fox is the only wild creature fit for the chase that will live and flourish in proximity to man. That the city man, be he Briton or American, should wish to hunt is a reasonable desire. The circumstances of his daily life are such as draw on his vitality and abate his vigor. When once he has put himself in the way of making an adequate living his physical life is apt to be easy. He gets no taste of cold or hunger and hard physical labor. He is too apt to be overfed and overheated, to drink more than is good for him, to work too hard with his head and too little with his body, to be luxuriously lodged, and generally to be made too insidiously comfortable. He has to fear the debilitating influences of such a life both on his physique and on his character. His simplest remedy is some sort of out-of-door exercise which involves some self-denial, some exertion, and a reasonable amount of grit. Partly for his liver's sake, partly for his amusement, he gets astride the horse. Then if he has in him the quality known

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as sporting blood, mere horseback exercise presently palls on him. It is too monotonous. He wants something that will test his horse's capacity and, at the same time, his own nerve. Sometimes he finds it in polo, but unless he is young and ardently athletic he is apt to find it more to his taste in hunting.

So it is to this desire of men who enjoy many luxuries to add to them one more that will counteract some of the others, that the recent development of American hunting is largely due. If any hunt is to prosper it must include among its backers a certain number of men who are prepared to take it seriously. When the hounds go out someone must go with them; must go rain or shine, whether the spirit moves or not, whether the flesh is willing or otherwise. To keep up a hunt is a laborious business, and there must be in every hunt some members who are willing to take it laboriously when that is necessary and hold their personal convenience secondary to the demands of sport. Unless the master of the hounds evinces a devotion of this nature, and unless he has one or two colleagues on whom he can rely, the hunt is apt not to prosper. These mainstays of a hunt must be able to command a considerable degree of leisure. If they are forthcoming, and are willing to spend their strength and money in maintaining the hunt, they will usually win to their support a following of less-determined sportsmen with less time to spare, who will hunt when they can, pay dues when that is necessary, and lend their countenance and a limited amount of personal support to the enterprise.



A TYPICAL MEET OF THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB

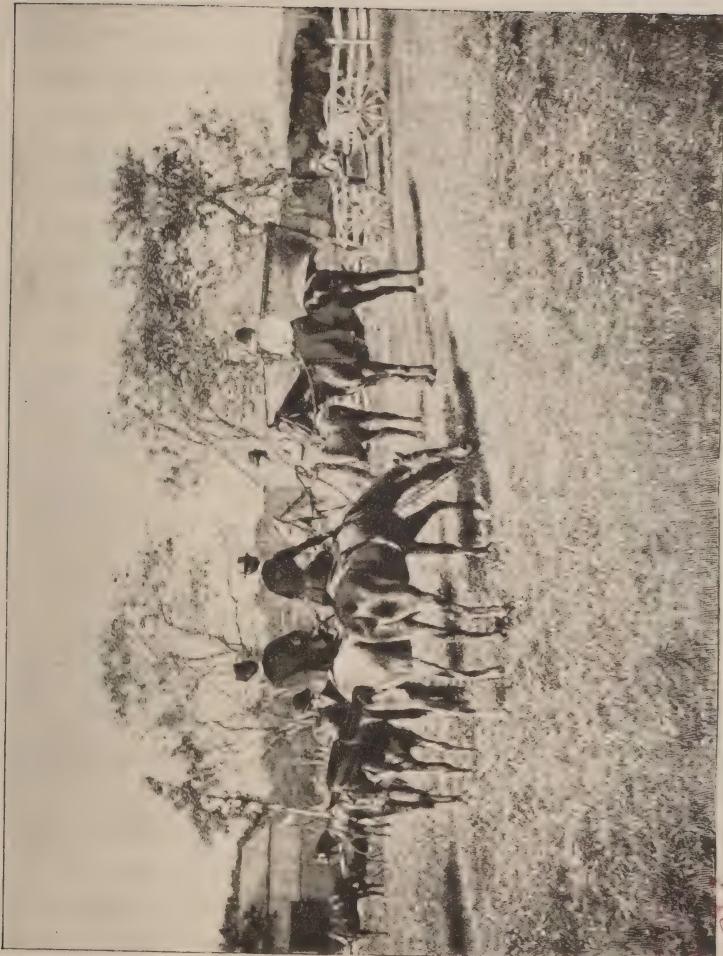


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New York, which, awaiting the further development of Chicago, is more than any other American city the centre of American enterprises, is, in at least one particular, the most important centre of American hunting. There are more men in New York than in any other one town who want to hunt, who can afford to hunt, and who are willing to take a considerable amount of trouble to do it, and though other cities had hunts long before New York did, no other American city has so many as six subsidiary hunt clubs at her doors. The most noted and important of these six New York hunts is the Meadow Brook. Its pedigree is too much involved for the present writer to trace it with much hope of historical accuracy, but it seems to derive with more or less indirection, from the Queens County Drag Hounds, organized in September, 1877, by Messrs. Robert Center, W. C. Peat, A. Belmont Purdy, and F. Gray Griswold, at Meadow Brook, Long Island. These gentlemen, or their assigns, hunted the Meadow Brook country for three years. Then their pack was moved to Westchester County, and stayed two years. Then it went back to Far Rockaway, on Long Island, again. Meanwhile Hempstead was occupied by a new subscription pack, which held its first meet in September, 1880, and took the name of the Meadow Brook Hunt. The old Queens County pack, after moving back to Far Rockaway, was joined by or merged into the Rockaway Hunt Club, and still exists under the latter name with kennels and a club-house at Cedarhurst. One of its founders, Mr. Griswold, was last year master of the

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Meadow Brook hounds. One of his predecessors in that office was Mr. Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who hunts a pack of his own in the winter, at Aiken, S. C. The present master is Mr. Ralph M. Ellis. The Meadow Brook Club is the most renowned and important of the hunts near New York. Its club-house, near Westbury, is a pleasant but unpretentious house, which answers for a sort of country club for the neighboring district. It has a ball-room and ladies' annex, plenty of bed-rooms where some of the members live in summer, ample stables and kennels, and golf-links. The club has about seventy members, who pay annual dues of \$100. Its pack of some thirty-six couple of English hounds is efficient and well kept up. It hunts in the spring from March until well into May, and in the fall from October 1st until the ground freezes. Occasionally it hunts wild foxes, but it finds so many obstacles to that form of sport that the drag is its main reliance, as it is of all the other clubs near New York. Inasmuch as drag-hunting is generally conceded to be an inferior sport to fox-hunting, it is worth while to consider why all the hunt clubs near New York prefer it. The reasons for the Meadow Brook's preference are partly local. The woods in the twenty square miles of country the club hunts over, are large and without roads, and the foxes in them can seldom be persuaded to break covert and run over the open country as well-regulated foxes should. Another important reason, which applies to the majority of the suburban hunt clubs, is that at least one-half of the Meadow Brook's members are men of business



MEET OF THE MEADOW BROOK HUNT AT SOUTHAMPTON, LONG ISLAND,
IN THE FALL OF 1891



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who go daily to New York to their work. They get home by an afternoon train, and, by dint of hurrying, gain two or three hours from the working day which they can spend on a horse's back. Accordingly, when they get to the meet, at three o'clock or thereabouts, there is not time for an indefinite search after a fox, even if the country was favorable to such a quest. The Meadow Brook men want a sure run, whenever they go out. They want it to begin promptly and to end with certainty in time for dinner. Obviously, therefore, drag-hunting fits their necessities better than fox-hunting. They take the best sport they can get and make the most of it. What they make of drag-hunting is matter of notoriety on both sides of the salt seas. They ride exceedingly good horses; their hounds are swift, and their pace is fast. The great Hempstead plain which lies near them is unfenced and free from obstacles, an admirable place to gallop or drive over at most seasons of the year. But when they leave that and strike the neighboring farming lands the fences are frequent and strong, of the post and rail variety, and from four to five feet high, with occasional taller ones. Drag-hunting over obstacles of this sort is a very wakeful sport, and only the boldest huntermen on the best nags can hope to find happiness in it. But the Meadow Brook men like it. From twenty to forty riders follow their hounds every hunting day, and the sport grows more popular and the club larger from year to year. Steeple-chases are a familiar dissipation of the Meadow Brook men, and occasionally they have them of the point-to-point variety. Like all the

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hunt clubs, and the suburban clubs especially, they make the most of holidays.

Cedarhurst, the seat of the Rockaway Club, is only twelve miles or thereabouts from Westbury. Since it started in Far Rockaway in 1878, the Rockaway Club has suffered in an increasing degree from the intrusions of settlers. People *will* buy lots and build suburban houses in its country, and as hunting cannot be successively carried on in a country that is all lawn and kitchen-gardens, the Rockaway men feel that the days of their sport are numbered. But while any country is left them to ride over, they will ride. They keep about fifteen couple of hounds at their kennels near the Club-house at Cedarhurst, and go out twice a week from September to January, and in March and April. The obstacles they have to get over are mainly fences, from three feet six inches to five feet high. Walls are scarce on Long Island, as also are hedges and ditches. Like the Meadow Brook Club, the Rockaway combines the features of a country club with its hunting. It has an attractive club-house with golf and tennis, and, like the Meadow Brook again, it has a strong polo team, which fights matches with the teams of the Meadow Brook, Myopia, Brookline, Dedham, Westchester, and other strong clubs.

The Westchester hounds, of which Mr. N. C. Reynal is the present master, are the successors of the Country Club Harriers, started by Mr. C. S. Pelham Clinton in 1888. Their kennels are at White Plains, and they run regularly during the season in the suburban country



THE STABLES AND KENNELS AT CEDARHURST.

THE ROCKAWAY HUNT CLUB

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thereabouts. Westchester is a lively sporting county, full of horse-wise people. Its country club is one of the best and most noted, its annual agricultural fair is very strong in horse exhibits. It is entitled to a hunt club, and may be counted on to support its pack until settlers crowd it out.

The Richmond County Hunt on Staten Island dates from 1889, and is closely connected with the Richmond County Country Club, near which it has its kennels. Mr. E. N. Nichols keeps about seventeen couple of hounds, and hunts them regularly on Saturday afternoons in the fall, with occasional runs in the morning. The club's country is limited, and has more than its share of barbed wire, but drags of ten or fifteen miles can be laid, with a proper allowance of ditch, hedge, and post and rail fence to them, which furnish reasonable sport to fields of from twenty to thirty horsemen.

The Essex County (New Jersey) hounds are descended through a varied line from the Montclair Equestrian Club, which was started in 1876. The master, Mr. Charles Pfizer, hunts the country near the Oranges and Morristown. His hounds go out from two to three times a week, and are well followed. Mr. Collier's Monmouth County pack covers another area of suburban New Jersey, near Tinton Falls and Brookdale. It meets two or three times a week during the season, and occasionally gives a sight and taste of sport to the people of Lakewood. All these hunts near New York are nurseries of cavalrymen, and many of their members serve in Troop A, or on the staffs of the generals of the National Guard of New York or New Jersey.

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The essentials to fox-hunting are men, horses, foxes, and a country fit to hunt over. New York can find the men and the horses, but it is not blest in its hunting country. Philadelphia is better off. The oldest Quaker cannot remember a time when there was not fox-hunting within reach of Philadelphia. Farmers thereabouts kept hounds and hunted them before the Revolution, and one finds allusions in contemporary literature to the zeal with which British officers hunted Pennsylvania foxes in pre-revolutionary times from the Rose Tree Inn. The senior Philadelphia hunt of our day is the Rose Tree, at Media. It began about 1856, was reorganized in 1872, and got a charter in 1881. It has about fifteen couple of American hounds from Delaware and Chester Counties, Penn., crossed with hounds from Maryland and Virginia. Its season is from December to April; its hounds meet three times a week; at 7 A.M. two days, and at 9 A.M. on Saturdays. Philadelphians, traditionally, have more leisure than the men of New York, and seem to be able to spare mornings, and indeed whole days for hunting. Business men and young farmers follow the Rose Tree hounds, and the fields of riders range from five to twenty-five. The club-house is about a mile from Media. The club property includes the old stone Rose Tree Tavern, a pretty modern club-house near it, and some eighty acres of land, on which is laid out the club's half-mile track and part of its steeple-chase course. Of the Rose Tree hunting a member of the club writes: "For the old fox-hunter one of the most interesting features of the hunt is

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the working of the hounds on a cold trail early in the morning to find a fox. When the scent is first struck, none but the old experienced hounds can make it out; but when one of them cries, the pack will cluster around, and as they work it slowly toward the cover, the scent will grow stronger and stronger until the cover is reached, when the burst of full cry from the pack gives fair warning that the fox has broken cover. Then all is excitement, and hounds and riders are away on the run. This cold drag frequently takes one or two hours to work out."

This has about it the flavor of real fox-hunting, a very different sport from the drag-hunting of less favored regions. One can learn with the Rose Tree hounds the tricks of the fox, and watch the contest between his strategy and the sagacity of the hound. The country about Media is rough, and the foxes usually get away, but not until they have given the hounds and hunter-men good runs. One learns with regret that the prosperity of this excellent hunt is hardly what it should be. It has a vigorous and enterprising young rival in the Radnor Hunt, with a club-house and kennels near Bryn Mawr, which seems to have superior attractions for the younger Philadelphians. The Radnor hunts three times a week from the middle of November till the middle of March. Its meets are at 8.30 A.M. on Tuesdays; at 1 P.M. on Thursdays; at 10 A.M. on Saturdays. Its fields average about forty and improve as the season advances. The hunting is usually good all winter. The club-house at Radnor is a pleasant, unpretentious house, looking out on a pretty

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stretch of valley. The kennels near it are admirable in their arrangements, and the pack, under the direction of Mr. Charles Mather, the M. F. H., is probably the best pack in America. It includes thirty-five couple of English hounds from Belvoir Kennels and ten couple of long-eared, sharp-nosed American hounds, and is divided into a dog and bitch pack, which hunt alternately. One hears of an occasional drag hunt by the Radnor men in the early fall, but after the season begins, the club hunts wild foxes only. The country is large and the foxes usually get away, but four or five are killed every season. The Radnor enjoys the prosperity that it deserves, and finds increased support every year.

About Baltimore, fox-hunting is as old a story as in Philadelphia, and the history of it is not to be told in a paragraph. Hunt clubs have flourished and died there, and had their successors these many years. The active clubs at present are the Elkridge and the Green Spring Valley. The older and larger club, the Elkridge, has a club-house and kennels about five miles on the Roland Park side of Baltimore. Its house is large and has a ball-room attached, and it serves many of the purposes of a country club. The club has an excellent pack, a large membership, and plenty of good hunting country within reach. Being strong on its social side it does not disdain drag-hunting, particularly in the earlier part of the season, but foxes are its main reliance for sport, and the master, Mr. Samuel George, goes as far as is necessary to find them. Maryland hospitality makes it possible for the

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Elkridge meets to be held comfortably twenty-five miles from home, so that the country that is open to the club is practically unlimited. The younger organization, the Green Spring Valley, includes many members of the Elkridge. It started in 1892, hunts the wild fox only, and usually finds him. It has at present a pack of about a dozen couple of American hounds. Its members are young business men of Baltimore, with a supplementary sprinkling of farmers. It meets twice a week at hours least inconvenient for working men, and its fields average about twenty. Its club-house is an old stone tavern about seven miles out of Baltimore. The club has very much of the sporting spirit, is inexpensive and of simple habits, and under the mastership of Mr. Redmond Stewart gives good promise of prosperity.

Washington men hunt with the pack of the Chevy Chase Country Club, and with Mr. S. S. Howland's Belwood pack, which has its head-quarters at Annapolis Junction. The Chevy Chase pack meets three or four times a week, and while possibly stronger as a social appurtenance than as a sporting institution, it takes Washington riders across country and serves other useful purposes. Its hunting is largely drag-hunting. It flourished last winter and ought to prosper, but Washington has a shifting population, and the future of a Washington hunt is still an uncertain quantity.

At Annapolis Junction the Belwood hounds are within easy reach of both Washington and Baltimore. They went out last winter two or three times a week in morn-

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ing hours, and hunted wild foxes, having usually a following of about twenty riders, though sometimes many more. In the summer and autumn Mr. Howland keeps his hounds at "Belwood," in Livingston County, N. Y., and hunts them in Wyoming and Orleans Counties.

In Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas, and Georgia, there has always been more or less unorganized fox-hunting by farmers and others, in the winter months; so that the roll of the hunt clubs with recognized titles and regular meets is by no means a complete index of the fox-hunting done. In Kentucky, too, fox-hunting is a sport as familiar as one would expect it to be in a State first settled by sportsmen, and always famous for its horses. But fox-hunting there seems to be an occasional recreation, the feature of a holiday, or taken up when the spirit prompts. There are good hounds in Kentucky, some of them of high degree and long descent. It seems not to be difficult to get together a pack, and horses are always abundant and fit in the blue-grass region. One reads of notable fox-hunting by large parties assembled for the purpose as early as August, and of ten-mile runs, over fence and wall, through underbrush and whatever intervenes, with large fields, and many mounted ladies in the following. But of organized clubs keeping hounds and hunting on stated days there is no report. Among the best-known Virginia packs is the Deep Run hounds of Richmond, which go out twice a week in the season. At Warrenton, in northern Virginia, in a horse-raising district, the Warrenton Hunt Club hunts twice a week, un-



THE START FROM THE "KENNELS," THE ELKRIDGE, MARYLAND, HUNT CLUB

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der the mastership of Mr. James K. Maddux. There is a sprinkling of English settlers near Warrenton, and the hunt is popular with them as well as with the other farmers, who train their horses in its runs. Sad to say, the country about Warrenton is unsuited to the pursuit of foxes, and it is only occasionally that they are hunted.

The Swannanoa Hunt Club of Asheville, N. C., affords sport to Asheville's winter visitors. It has a pretty club-house. The local foxes about Asheville know the resources of the country too well to afford adequate sport, but by importing stranger foxes, and turning them loose, the club gets very good runs.

Farther south, at Aiken, S. C., Mr. Hitchcock's hounds help make life pleasant to refugees from a Northern winter. In his Northern home near Westbury, Long Island, Mr. Hitchcock is one of the pillars of sport in the Meadow Brook Club. His hunting at Aiken is different from most other American fox-hunting. The country is rough, the woodland extensive, and the hounds are less under the huntsman's eye, and more on their own responsibility, than in the Northern hunting. After thorough experiment Mr. Hitchcock has found the American hound better adapted to his use than English hounds, and has now a strong pack of modern American fox-hounds, about thirty couple, which he hunts all winter. His pack meets from December to May, three times a week at daylight, and goes out with fifteen or twenty riders in the field. The fences about Aiken are rail-fences when there are any, but much of the country is not inclosed.

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In Pennsylvania, besides the hunts near Philadelphia there are the Lima Hunt Club, at Lima, which begins its season in December, and hunts from three to five times a week; the Valley Forge Hunt, which finds abundance of foxes in the historic valley, the name of which it bears; and the Pittsburg Hunt Club, an organization of recent origin and closely affiliated with the Pittsburg Country Club.

Except for the somewhat nebulous Agawam Hunt Club, of Narragansett, the sole hunting stronghold of New England is the seat of the Myopia Club, started in 1882 at Hamilton, some twenty miles north of Boston. It has a farm sparsely planted with golf-holes, and a comfortable club-house, which is the home of some of the members in the summer months, and is a centre of activities all summer long for golf enthusiasts and polo-players. The Myopias have tried fox-hunting but found it impracticable, or at least too inconvenient, and have fallen back on drag-hunting as better suited for their circumstances. Their hunting begins early in September and lasts three months. They have about twenty-five couple of hounds of British descent, which meet three times a week and scour the country for twenty miles around. Their fields vary from fifteen to twenty-five riders. Their country is a country of stone walls, three feet high and upward, and the obstacles being reasonably low, their runs are tolerably fast. Most of the Myopia huntmen are sons of toil, doing business in Boston, and they adjust their sport to the more imperative demands of their more serious occupations.

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In the Genesee Valley, in Livingston County, there has been an organized hunt for nearly twenty years, the fame of which is exuberant among hunting Americans. Its head-quarters are at Geneseo, the county town of Livingston County, and the home of Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, M. F. H. Mr. Wadsworth and other members of his family, and other families, are owners of large landed estates in the Genesee Valley, and actually live, for most of the year, on or near their land. This makes the conditions of existence in the neighborhood of Geneseo different from those that ordinarily obtain in American farming country, which, as a rule, in the North at least, is owned in small lots by the actual cultivators of the soil. The Genesee Valley hunting is an indigenous growth, begun for the amusement of residents of the valley, conducted from the time of its organization at the cost and under the direction of the present M. F. H. The club has an organization, but its dues are nominal and it has no club-house. Mr. Wadsworth keeps up the pack, and mounts and pays the huntsmen and whips. Such reputation as the hunt enjoys is due first to him and to the durable and rational quality of his devotion to sport. The hunt finds other good backers in the farmers of the valley, in the owners of country places who spend a large time of the year there, and in earnest sportsmen from Buffalo, Batavia, Rochester, New York, Chicago, and other places, who hunt regularly once or twice a week in the season. It also attracts visitors who come in increasing numbers to get a taste of the quality of its entertainment. The

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hunting country is a strip of farm and woodland, twenty miles long or thereabouts, and from four to eight miles wide, through which flows the Genesee River. The country is beautiful; the inclosures are large; the fencing includes almost all varieties of rail, board, and picket fences. Horse-raising is one of the industries of the district, and the huntmen are well mounted. The hounds of the Genesee Valley Hunt hunt wild foxes three times a week from the latter part of September until it gets too cold, which usually happens about Christmas. Some drag-hunting was done last fall with a small pack set apart for that purpose, but drag-hunting is regarded in Geneseo as a subsidiary sport, to be winked at and endured in the present state of human weakness, but hardly to be countenanced, much less encouraged. Mr. Wadsworth's hounds are either imported or of English stock, and from twenty to thirty couple of them are always ready for work. The field of riders varies from twenty to fifty and, though the numbers dwindle somewhat as the season advances, the hounds have a strong following as long as the hunting lasts. The country is too extensive to admit of earth-stopping, and the foxes usually get away, though eight or ten are killed every year, but the hounds nearly always find, good runs are the rule, and notable runs are common.

The best hunting in the Genesee Valley is in November and December. The prettiest and gayest hunting is in October. To be jogging after Mr. Wadsworth's pack, about eleven o'clock on a Saturday late in October, is to



CROSS-COUNTRY IN THE GENESEE VALLEY

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be riding through a charming valley at a delightful time of year, with every prospect of five or six hours of happiness. On such a Saturday in 1894 the meet was at a village some eight miles from the kennels. It was a pretty village, the day was a perfect October day, and the meet of hounds and horsemen, of ladies in carts and traps and on hunters, of participants and well-wishers and disinterested spectators, was a stimulating and cheerful sight. Then came the leisurely riding across country from covert to covert, through woods and down into gullies, over fences at one's leisure at the easiest place, all the time in the sunshine, with the brisk air making one younger with every breath of it, and the hounds working industriously and keeping every observer's expectation primed.

And when presently, after an hour or more of progressive investigation, the hounds found and were off, what a stir and enlivenment, as the field broke into a gallop and streamed off across country, over field and stream and fence and road, every emulous hunterman eager to better his place, every tyro shadowing his chosen pilot as closely as he dared, every bold and experienced rider speculating as he rides on the next turn of the pack, with a keen scrutiny as he rises at one fence for the weak place in the next one. When there is a weak spot or a low place, what a comfort to have it come conveniently into one's line. When there is none, but the rails rise high and strong across the field, what joy, when one has tightened one's rein and made at them, to have one's horse actually clear them, and then to glance back and

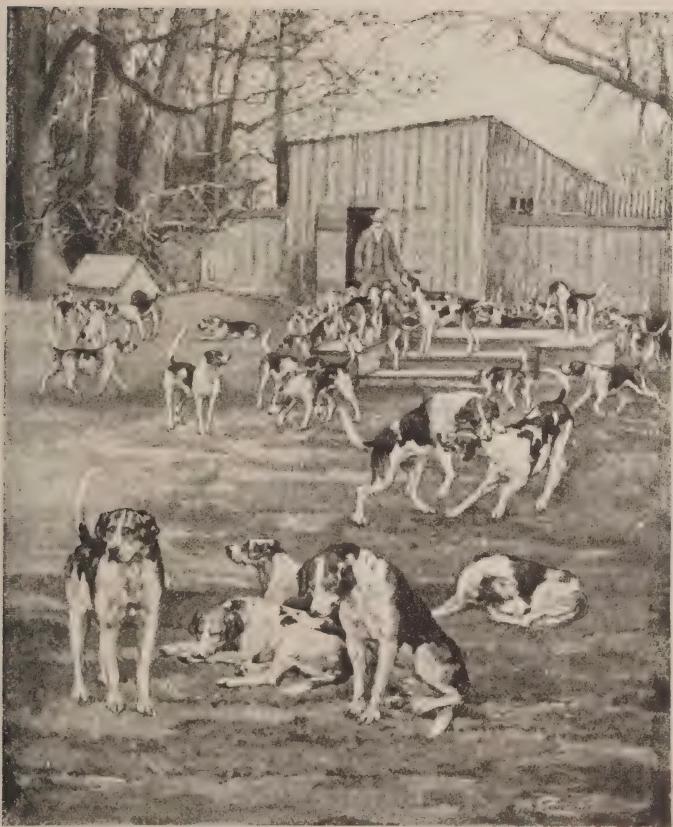
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see the little group of less fortunate riders on the farther side! It is conceivable that there are men who like to jump high fences, but doubtless the more common experience is that a five-foot fence affords a delightful sensation after one is about three-quarters over it, but that up to that point it is a solemn and unwelcome obstacle that cannot be dodged without loss and regret.

Do you suppose any sincere person really regrets it when there is a check after even three or four miles of hard galloping? To stop while the hounds are running is misery, of course, but to pull up with one's bones all whole and one's credit saved—how can any hunterman of sound discretion regret that?

The day I speak of the fox got away. I am not sure that he was ever viewed. But what a good and satisfying day it was, and how proud that little fox should have been to have made so much sport for so many honest folks at such comparatively insignificant inconvenience to himself. The lady who fell off got on again; the man who got the spectacular cropper wasn't hurt. The competent surgeon who usually rides in the first flight in the Genesee Valley runs got his exercise that day without ever getting off his mare, except to eat his lunch. And yet there are people who shudder at the hazards of fox-hunting, and grieve that sons of solicitous mothers and fathers of dependent families should venture their necks in such a sport!

Of the Canadian hunts, the chief is the Montreal Hunt, started as long ago as 1826, and probably the oldest organized hunt club in America. Its kennels and club-house



THE KENNELS, THE GENESEE HUNT CLUB, GENESEO, N. Y.

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are in Montreal. Its hunting country lies in the islands of Montreal, Jesus, and Bizard, good farming country with timber fences, stone walls, and ditches. The members get to the meets by train or otherwise, according to the distance. The hounds meet three times a week at 11 A.M., from the middle of August to the end of November. There is an earth-stopper among the club servants, a consequence of which is that eight or ten brace of foxes are killed during the season. The club membership is about one hundred, and the dues of \$50 a year help to maintain the pack. The present master is Mr. H. Montague Allan.

The London (Ontario) Hunt, another strong club with a large membership and a suburban club-house, dates from 1885. It has a pack of a dozen couples, and usually finds the toothless and insensate aniseed bag more convenient for its pursuit than the evasive fox. Under the mastership of Mr. Adam Beck, it sometimes takes its hounds across the Detroit River, and makes a field-day for the riding population of Detroit.

Toronto, the horse-dealing centre of Canada, has its hunt, of course; a drag-hunt which combines the accomplishment of business ends with the pursuit of pleasure. Fifteen couple make up the present pack of the Toronto hounds, and Mr. F. H. Beardmore has them out three times a week during the short Canadian season.

With these twenty-five hunt clubs, almost all of them started within twenty years, and most of them much younger, it will be seen that hunting as an American sport

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has made a vigorous start, and promises to make a permanent and growing impression on the habits of our people. Once the idea of the possibility of hunting is disseminated, the rest will take care of itself, and clubs will spring up where there is a demand for them. Chicago has everything that it wants. It will want hunting presently, and will surely get it. St. Louis, which already has a vigorous country club, has only a short step farther to take. Wherever there is wealth there will be leisure. Wherever there is wealth and leisure the horse will multiply in the land, and there will be hardy men who will dare to ride on his back. Once horse-riding becomes a habit in a highly civilized American community, we may expect hunting to follow. That is in part because hunting is a growing fashion, but much more because it is a sport of great merit, which is bound to win its own way wherever a chance is given to it. As one of the most picturesque of sports, it should be welcomed for the variety and color it brings to American life. Wherever there is hunting there are red coats—either to ride in or dine in—steeple-chases, horse shows, hunt balls, polo-playing, and much pomp and panoply of pleasure, all of which is highly decorative and has a spectacular value, which affects the existence of thousands of people whose participation in it is confined to the not unimportant office of looking on. Hunting is virile and it is wholesome. Men get hurt in it sometimes, but seldom very seriously, and many men get materially benefited.

Moreover, the money spent in hunting is spent in our own country and goes directly into the pockets of Ameri-



CLUB-HOUSE. THE MYOPIA HUNT CLUB, OF HAMILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

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cans who need it. Whatever brightens country life and checks the tendency of the cities to swallow up all the money and monopolize all the fun is a benefit. Whatever sport induces well-to-do Americans to disburse their surpluses in their own land, among their brethren, instead of flocking for that purpose to Europe, is also a benefit, and one the promotion of which no true patriot will care to hinder. Let us have as much of our fun at home as we can, and let us think twice before we sniff at any development of wholesome sport that helps to make that possible. Some men who hunt get health and strength from it, which they expend in activities more directly useful. Encourage them in their hunting, for it does them good. Other men get less benefit, but their support helps to keep hunting alive, and their money is useful to the farmers, grooms, inn-keepers, and surgeons, veterinary and otherwise, who have honestly earned it. Encourage them, too, for they are good for sport. Still other men hunt who, if critically considered, may be estimated to be good for little else. Of these it may be said that, though they may not be indispensable to sport, at least if they were not hunting they would probably be less innocently occupied. Encourage these also, for when they are hunting they are out of mischief, and, so far as lies in them, are fulfilling their mission in life.

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